

T H E
PLATONIC LOVERS :

CONSISTING OF
Original LETTERS,
I N
P R O S E and V E R S E,

That pass'd between an *English* Lady, and
an *English* Gentleman in *France*, under the borrow'd
Names of CLIO and STREPHON ; who took an
Affection to each other, by reading accidentally one
another's occasional Compositions.

W I T H
A Critical E S S A Y ; containing some
Remarks upon the Nature of Epistolary and Elegiac
POETRY ; and on the most beautiful *Passages* in these
EPISTLES. By the Ingenious Mr. *John Porter*.

The THIRD EDITION, Corrected.

" *But oh ! encroaching Mortal as thou art,*
" *Let still thy Spirit have the greatest Part ;*
" *You may admire me all the Ways you can ;*
" *Give me the Lover, but keep back the Man."*

CLIO to STREPHON, p. 79.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN WILFORD, at the *Three Flower-de-
Luces* behind the *Chapter-House*, near *St. Paul's* ; and
RICHARD CHANDLER, at the *Flower-de-Luce* with-
out *Temple-Bar*. M,DCC,XXXII,

PLATONIC LOVERS:

Original LETTERS

IN PROSE and VERSE

That passed between an English Lady, and an Italian Gentleman in France, under the names of Celia and STRATON: who took an Affection to each other, by reading respectively one another's occasional Compositions.

WITH A Critical ESSAY: containing some Remarks upon the Poets of Epiphany and Elegy: Poets; and on the most beautiful Poets in their Repertory. By the late famous Mr. John Dryden.



LONDON:
Printed for J. W. at the Theatre Royal, in the Strand, near St. Paul's; and
Richard Chandler, at the Theatre Royal, in the Strand.
MDCCLXXII.



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THE
EPISTLES
OF
Clio and Strephon:
BEING A
COLLECTION
OF
LETTERS
THAT

Passed between an *English* LADY, and an
English GENTLEMAN in *France*, who
took an Affection to each other, by
reading accidentally one another's Oc-
casional Compositions, both in Prose
and Verse.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. HOOKE, at the *Flower-de-Luce*,
over-against *St. Dunstan's Church* in *Fleet-Street*.
M. DCC. XXIX.

THE
EPISTLES
OF
Clio and Strephon:
BEING A
COLLECTION
OF
LETTERS
THAT

Passed between
Eugene O. Hays, who
took an A. B. degree
reading according to another's
rational Compositions, both in prose
and Verse.



The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Hooke, at the Flower-de-Luce,
over-against St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-Street.
M DCC XXIX.



Mrs. JUDITH BOND.

M A D A M,



SARGE any Poet of Figure has been ever known to pass free, and with Success, into any Part of *Parnassus*, without having first paid his Compliments to Beauty. As almost all Men, once at least in their Lives, are, according to their publick Professions and Behaviour, passionately court-

iv DEDICATION.

ly to it; so it would be, indeed, a Wonder, if the Professors of the gentlest Art, should not, at some Time or other, shew themselves so in their Writings. Verses are, by their soft Nature, wonderfully well adapted to express, pathetically, and harmoniously, the Tender-nesses of Love, and the Triumphs of Beauty; and then to whom, but to a Lady equally Good, Lovely, Beautiful, and Ingenious, should they be dedicated, and made sacred? From hence, Madam, arise some of my Motives for offering this little Present to you, who have always so many constant Charms, that you need not add to them, by being surpriz'd into a sudden and accidental Blush at the Acceptance of it, when you are first told it consists of a Collection of Love-Verses.

DEDICATION. v

IT is not a singular Sentiment, but it is the receiv'd Opinion of the wiser and better Part of Mankind, that a Subject more noble and delicate than *that* of Honourable Love, (and it is upon *that* the following Verses were form'd,) cannot enter into the Heads or Hearts of Men and Women; nor can a Theme more sweetly pleasing, or more exquisitely elegant, employ the Pens of poetick Writers, or the Eyes of polite Readers of either Sex. You, Madam, who peruse the Works of the best spirited Writers, with a Genius like their own, must have remark'd with Pleasure, this pretty Passage in the Celebrated *Cato* of Mr. *Addison*.

The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the
Wife,
Sink in the soft Captivity together.

vi DEDICATION.

AMIDST the Conflicts which this Passion excites in human Breasts, this soft Captivity is the agreeable and welcome Portion of our Sex, and Victory is the glorious Share of yours. Thus, while the strong, brave, virtuous, wise Men joy and pride themselves in becoming the voluntary Captives of the Fair; the strong, brave, virtuous, and wise Women need not certainly be ashamed of their Conquests. I join the Epithets *strong* and *brave* to Women; first, because that finer Half of the Species may compare Records with the other at any Time, and count out with them Heroines for Heroes, whose Actions shine as eminent, and blaze as illustriously bright in Story: And secondly, because I am likewise authorized in it by the most fine and *well-bred* Expression of the greatest inspired

DEDICATION. vii

red Sage that ever lived, *Solomon*, who (when he charmingly says, *A strong and virtuous Woman, who shall find? Her Price is above Rubies, and she deserves being sought for to the uttermost Bounds of the Earth*) shews that it is the highest Point of Wisdom to endeavour to obtain her. Wit therefore is certainly employed with Wisdom, when it is directed to this End; and Verses, that are made to win lawfully upon the Affections of good and valuable Women, are not only what Poets may very commendably write, but Philosophers themselves may read, and own themselves pleased at reading, without the least Offence to their great Gravity and Prudence.

WHAT I have here remark'd, is abundantly sufficient to correct the

viii DEDICATION.

wrong Judgment of some Men and Women, and to argue and convince them of their being too rigidly devout, and too aufterely (not to fay morofely) wife, who mifcall every Composition of this Nature, a vain Endeavour to pay Idolatry to Beauty, which they unreaſonably fall out with for being tranſient, as all the beſt Bleſſings and Poſſeſſions beſides on this Earth are. What is this better than a prepoſterous Complaint againſt the fineſt Eyes, becauſe, though they ſhine like Stars, they do not laſt as long, and enjoy not as much of their Duration, as they poſſeſs of their Luſtre. Theſe are the People, who would ſuperciliously forbid all the written Raptures of this kind, though they are as honeſt and mannerly as they are natural. This ill Opinion of a ſevere *elder* Sort of People, in one
Extreme,

DEDICATION. ix

Extreme, took its Rise first out of a too-far-carried Spirit of Opposition to the still worse Opinion of a gayer Set of young People, who had run into a contrary Extream; and valued no Verses but what ought to be condemn'd, and were written in a vile unmannerly Spirit of Debauchery. These err'd vehemently on both Sides; the first seem'd to think, there was no such Thing as being grave, without being dull, because the second knew not how, according to the Proverb, *to be merry and wise*. The Mirth of one was turn'd into Dissoluteness; and the Sobriety of the other into Sadness; as if there was no Medium between a Libertine and a Stoick, between an Epicure and a Cynick, or in more common Words, between an airy ill-bred Rake, or a surly ill-bred Clown.

A

A 5

M A

X DEDICATION.

MADAM,

THE wisest Philosophers among the Antients, thought of Beauty and Love after a more just, and a more refin'd Manner; that is to say, more like rational Men, and more like fine Gentlemen. I know this is an uncommon Way of speaking to Ladies, especially concerning a Book of Poetry and Love; but then I am speaking to a Lady whose Abilities are uncommon, and will justify me if I proceed to speak to her in such a Manner, as shews I know she never thinks Good Sense remov'd from Good Breeding. In the Opinion of *Plato*, (whose Life and Character you have read,) Beauty is a human Splendor, amiable in its own Nature, that has the Power to ravish the Mind through the Eyes. We are told by some
Authors,

DEDICATION. xi

Authors, that the divine *Socrates* was charm'd so far with Beauty, as to be in Love with *Theodora*, the then reigning Belle of *Athens*. The grave, the severe, the stern *Cato*, had such a profound Reverence for Beauty, that he was often heard publickly to profess, *It was no less a Crime to injure it, than to sack a Temple*. How near does this glorious moral Heathen approach to the inspired Sentiments, receiv'd by the true Gentlemen of Christianity, who are by their excellent Doctrine, (that is to say, in other Words, in spite of young Cavillers,) the *Best Breeding* in the World, taught to look upon the Fair ones, as so many Temples, in which the Deity takes Pleasure to inhabit, and therefore have a divine Fear to utter any Thing that may pollute their Ears, or to offer any Thing that might any Ways injure their Modesty

xii DEDICATION.

Modesty and Honour? A Patriot and a Philosopher that could say so fine, so good, and courtly a Thing, deserv'd to be the Father of such Daughters as *Porcia* is describ'd to be by our *Shakespeare*, and *Marcia* by our *Addison*. . . .
CLIO's Lines are all of such a Sort, as might have been inscribed to Ladies of their Taste; and, if they had been less refined, they should not have been presented to you. For a Veneration, next to that, which a polite *Roman* would have paid to a Daughter of *Cato*, I would desire to pay to a Grand-daughter of Sir *Thomas Bond*, who acted so brave, so loyal, and constant a Part on the Side of King *Charles II.* in the Adversity of his Exile; and after his happy Restoration, made such a conspicuous and praise-worthy Figure in his Court, that his Character, if drawn at full
Length

DEDICATION. xiii

Length by a good Historian, would be a national Benefit, by the glorious Pattern it would afford to succeeding Gentlemen, how to comport themselves in Places of the greatest Importance, Trust, and Honour, in those two very different Seasons, the Days of Adversity as well as Prosperity, and how to behave themselves with Integrity, Prudence, Moderation, and Resolution, in the due Management of Royal Treasures.

You will find, *Madam*, that chearful Kind of Humour, and that quick Sort of Wit prevail in her Manner of Writing, which publick Fame commends you for, and by which, with an agreeable Violence, you acquire a powerful and a pleasing Command over all the little polish'd Assemblies of both Sexes, that you charm, adorn, and enrich by
your

xiv DEDICATION.

your desirable Conversation. There is not a single Epistle of hers, that inspires the Passion of Love, but what at the same Time very naturally and gracefully insinuates the Love of Virtue, and a great deal of useful Knowledge; and so, while it innocently engages and moves the Heart, nobly raises the Genius, and mends the Mind. Thus Chastity and Complacency may be said to go hand-in-hand with every Composition, which has always an Air that is at once virtuous and obliging: All this is so well perform'd, and so dexterously executed, as to make the Goodness of each pretty Reader more beautiful, by tempting her to wear an innocent and graceful Smile at the Perusal of the innocent and graceful Turns that are to be met with frequently in her Letters, amidst the surprizing Train of

DEDICATION. xv

of sudden Joys, and sudden Disquiets,
 Fears, Hopes, Doubts, Affurances,
 Jealousies, Confidences, Disappoint-
 ments, Expectations, Pains, Pleasures,
 Animosities, Renewals of Friendship,
 which Love creates, with a Variety of
 other Vicissitudes, the different Descrip-
 tions (whereof cannot fail of entertain-
 ing. Where, and what Harm is in all
 this, that should make Love-Verses
 stand in need of any Apology, to the
 most grave (reserv'd Personages living?
 But then the wrongly Gay, who delight
 in false Mirth, may learn too in their
 Turns, that in order to make Love-
 Verses want no such Apology, a very
 scrupulous and religious Regard must
 be had in treating so nice a Subject.
 What Fire, and yet what Purity of
 Thought, what a vehement Ardour,
and

xvi DEDICATION.

and yet what an exact Chastity of well-weigh'd Words and Expressions; in fine, to say all at once in two beautiful Words of *Pliny's*, what a *Sanctity of Manners* must reign throughout all such Love-Pieces? Such Pieces, I mean, as are to shew the delicate and nicely-temper'd, natural Warmth, (that is to say,) the Life and Vigour, without any one of the irregular Impulses, without any one Symptom of the intemperate and excessive Heats, (that is to say,) the Fever and the Disease of Love. Writers in these Descriptions of the warm Affections, either in their own or other modest Breasts, would do well to have an Eye to the Description given by *Tacitus* (whose History you have in *English*) of the fine famous Mount *Libanus*, which, he says, was *scady* among great Heats,

DEDICATION. xvii

Heats, and faithful to the Snow it bore upon it.

How much CLIO intended to do so in these Epistles, let two of her own Lines, taken out of them, express.

Chaste as *Orinda's*, let my Numbers flow,
But with *Astrea's* Warmth inspire the Snow.

AND what she says of your humble Servant STREPHON's Letters, upon the same Account, is the best, if (as I have Reason to fear) not the only Commendation they deserve.

I read thy *Soul*, tho' to thy *Form* unknown,
And guess its gentle Temper by my own;
Thou art *compassionate*, as *Angels* are,
And hast of *friendless* Innocence a Care.

To

xviii DEDICATION.

To *Beauteous* CHASTITY I see thee bend,
The *Goddeſs* does into thy Soul deſcend,
And with victorious Chaplets crowns my
Friend.

Thy temperate Veins do with *her* Licence
move,

For ſhe allows of Poetry and Love,
Which, as ſweet *Waller* ſings, is all they
do above:

With moſt Warmth ſhe gives them leave to
beat,

Nor bids me diſapprove the Godlike Heat.

It was, upon theſe ſame Accounts,
that that curious Writer and excellent
Divine, Doctor *Sprat*, late Biſhop of
Rochester, ſaid, *He was not* ASHAMED
to COMMEND *Mr. Cowley's* MISTRESS.
I am not only *not aſhamed* for my Part,
but

DEDICATION. xix

but *proud* to say, that the Book of that most witty, as well as most modest Poet, was the Delight of my younger Years; and to reflect that, when I was a Boy, I could even only chuse to repeat many pretty Passages, which he, when a Boy, wrote, in such a Manner, as to give Pleasure to Persons of mature Age and Judgment; though perhaps I might be more excusable not to have mentioned this, having since learn'd so little from so great a Master. But you will have some Favour for a near Relation of your own, for having been so early an Admirer of Mr. *Cowley*, who was the Favourite of your great Ancestor, his best Patron, the Earl of *St. Albans*, and wrote many of his most celebrated Pieces, while he lived a darling Domestick in that Seat, which descended
from

xx DEDICATION.

from that Earl, his *Mecenas*, to your Grandfather the Lord *Jermyn*. If I have copied but few of the Beauties of Mr. *Cowley*, I bring you my Muse *CLIO*, who is a Rival to Mr. *Cowley's* much admired *Orinda*, and cannot, I believe, be thought inferior to her. And whatever Figure a Poet may make in his own Person, he is contented if the Muse, that inspired him, be applauded.

I must take notice to you, *Madam*, of one Thing, which you will find more at large by perusing the Book, That these Letters pass'd through the Hands of many Friends, and by that Means Copies of them were publickly seen, when the Writers of them had never seen one another, and so fell into
the

DEDICATION. xxi

the Hands of a Gentleman, who published them, and inscrib'd them to a Person of such Worth, as I am proud to be able to call my Friend, Sir *Richard Steele*, whose Commendation join'd with that of several other most ingenious Persons, had first, I believe, made them so much and so favourably taken notice of: If it had not been for that Accident, they had never appeared at all; and now they do appear the second Time, by the Demand the Publick has made for them, *Strephon* himself thought it more proper to recommend them, through yours, to the Favour of the Ladies.

MADAM,

xxii DEDICATION.

MADAM,

I have run into a large Preface to a little Book, when I intended to be forming a Dedication of it, and have made it, in a Manner, Time to end, before I can be almost properly said to have begun my Design.

BOWING, therefore, as I write, I beg you to accept this little Present, and take it into Favour; and by way of Thanks for your kind Acceptance of it, I must only offer this one With before I take my leave. ---- If, while you are amusing yourself with this Book, and with some Reflections it may awake concerning the Power and Triumphs of Love and Beauty, you should happen one Day to approve some happy fine Gentleman for a Husband, out of the
Num.

DEDICATION. xxiii

Numbers which your Qualifications must have made your just Admirers; I need only wish that he may be as well descended, as you deserve; as happy in Virtue and Fortune, as you will make him in your Love; that he may be as beautiful in his Person, and as belov'd by all his Acquaintance, as my dear Friend your Brother; that he may make such an indulgent Husband as your Mother enjoy'd; and if Heaven thus calls you to Marriage, and blesses you with Children, I need only wish for your consummate Happiness, that they may shew such an equal tender, and obliging Duty to their Parents, as you and your Brother have ever exercised towards yours.

I could not possibly wish you less, and Invention itself cannot possibly

xxiv DEDICATION.

bly help me to frame a Wish that will
be more for your Happiness; and there-
fore with that I will conclude, taking
Leave, under my poetical Name, to
call myself, Madam,

Your Most Obedient,

Most Devoted,

And Most Humble Servant,

STREPHON.



THE



THE
EPISTLES
OF
CLIO and STREPHON.

TO STREPHON,

Who having had a fine Description of CLIO's Person, by a Lady from whom he first received CLIO's Verses in Commendation of a Book which he had published, sent a Letter, signifying his Desire to see her.

N. B. The two first Copies of Verses are mislaid, and not to be found.



ROUD to be prais'd by thy excell'g Pen,
With partial Eyes I view my Form again;
Yet nothing there to my Advantage find,
But the good Humour glowing in my
Mind,

Which thy inspiring Verse had left behind.

B

AR

2 CLIO to STREPHON.

All I can boast, is by thy Hand bestow'd;
 And I return it back from whence it flow'd.
 From Flatt'ry so, so artfully express'd,
 Who can defend a vain Poetick Breast?
 In softest Sounds 'tis to the Heart apply'd:
 Ah! who can be insensible of Pride?
 If thy great Sire would crown my soft Design,
 I'd raise thy Vanity, as thou do'st mine:
 To rise in Verse my Thought has vainly try'd,
 APOLLO's thine, and partial to thy Side.
 No Beam upon my barren Fancy shines;
 They're all contracted to thy stronger Lines.
 Thy Fame and Merit, equally secure
 Would bear ——— but how should I the Test en-
 dure?

All o'er Confusion I thy Eyes should meet,
 And blushing, from the nice Survey retreat.
 Far from the Picture thy bright Pencil wrought
 I should, by thee, as by my self, be thought:
 I should a Coward grow, and sink with Fear,
 Tho' Distance gives me some Assurance here:
 But Heav'n forbid that you should ever see
 That *Outside*, which the *vulgar* World calls *Me*.
 Trust me, bright Youth, no Danger would appear,
 Or to your Eyes, or your well-judging Ear.
 Nature has been ungentle to my Face,
 With artless Fingers shadow'd ev'ry Grace:

CLIO to STREPHON.

* Deep has she left her cruel Marks behind,
As if she meant to scar my very Mind.
My Skin she sullied with a fallow Hue,
That scarce my Soul is seen to sparkle thro':
A little Voice my kinder Stars have lent,
By which they mean to hush my Discontent;
Else could I scarce my Imperfections bear,
M'unpleasing Person, and my Peasant Air.
Nor can I at the odious Glass attend,
In hopes these hapless Features to befriend:
Careless and dull, I've scarce a Wish to please;
Fond of this Solitude, and humble Ease.
Here I forget my own unlovely Form;
Laugh at the World, too low to feel the Storm,
Which does the potent Bustlers oft invade,
And shakes the taller Poplars of the Shade.
Happy and Rich, if my mean Song can raise
Thy Pleasure, or excite thy tuneful Lays.
Whate'er thy Person be, I shall o'er pass;
Who would throw Diamonds by, to look on Glass?
Or who would mind the Stars imperfect Light,
When the great God of Day attracts the Sight?

CLIO.

B 2

A N

* The Lady had the Small Pox; but a very little.



A N
E P I S T L E
F R O M

STREPHON to CLIO,

*Wherein he sends his Soul before to prepare her,
and tell her the indifferent Figure of his whole
Person, that she might not be surpriz'd when
he came to see her.*



HEN CLIO's last he first began to read ;
Thus sighing to himself, her STREPHON
said ;

Sighing, as if that Sigh foretold him dead.

Well then thou pant'st (my Soul!) thou would'st depart,
From STREPHON's Breast, and fly to CLIO's Heart!

Yet learn (my Soul) and, oh! betimes beware,
Too well thou know'st the Danger of the Snare,
How weak thy self, how powerful the Fair.

STREPHON to CLIO.

If go thou wilt, in this last Breath be gone,
But strive, be sure, strive hard, or thou'rt undone.

WHEN CLIO's Lines afresh thy STREPHON read,
Thus his Soul answering to thy STREPHON said,
To STREPHON then half languishing, half dead.

Yes, tho' she's born by Nature to subdue,
By Heavens, 'tis glorious Fate — and I'll pursue;
Conquer she can — but sure she can't undo:
But if she *can* — and *will* — I'll be her Prize;
For if my *Niggard Stars* won't let me *Rise*,
Oh! let me *fall* by CLIO's *brighter Eyes*.

Just at these Words he felt his Strength decay,
And, sinking in a Trance, he strove to say,
Oh! bear these Words, my Soul, then fleet away!
Tell her, in *this*, her STREPHON did enrol,
With tend'rest Wishes, his departing Soul.
Oh! beg her take thee to an Angel's Rest,
And fold thee kindly in her balmy Breast.
Tell her, their *Spirits* to her Soul shall cleave,
When on her Breast the panting Verses heave:
Then if thy *Body* ling'ring comes behind,
To seek its Treasure, and its Soul to find;
Oh! tell her by what am'rous Marks 'tis known,
Lest its thin Frame be shiver'd by her Frown:

6 STREPHON to CLIO: 112

Tell her, that as in some Poetick Scene
 Ghosts are describ'd to skim along the Green;
 So, if she e'er descries on Dennis' Plain,
 A tall and thin, a pale dejected Man,
 Awkward in Port, and overwhelm'd with Spleen,
 In whom the Image of Despair is seen;
 Tell her, with Anger not to arm her Eye,
 But pleading Mercy — whisper — *That is I.*
 Say, that thus far I of *that Figure* boast,
 That CLIO got the *Soul*, and made the *Ghost*.
 If with her Smile she will that Loss repair,
 I'll mend and alter that dejected Air.
 Bid her with Tenderneſs the Viſion uſe,
 And be my Miſtreſs, as ſhe is my Muſe.
 Say, you my ſoft Ambaſſador was ſent,
 To beg her Boſom for my eaſy Tent;
 That, like a trembling Bird by Parents loſt,
 Harm'd by ungentle Hands or nipping Froſt;
 Pining I muſt, and melapcholy ſtray,
 Till love, and ſhe, revive and make me gay.

I'LL do it all, the *Soul departing* ſaid,
 And bid the *Body* fall entirely *dead*.

STREPHON.

CLIO's



CLIO'S ANSWER,

BY

Way of DREAM,

IN

Her Fine GARDEN

ON THE

Plain of St. DENNIS.



AY, by what mighty Pow'rs harmonious
Bond

Our Spirits sympathize and correspond?

As thy soft Soul departed from thy Breast,

Mine, with unusual Tenderness oppress'd,

Repos'd within a melancholy Shade,

Where Nature has my little Study made:

Close are the Boughs to one another join'd,

That only CLIO can an Entrance find.

8 CLIO to STREPHON.

Sad PHILEMELA had begun her Song;
 And Love and Musick warbl'd on her Tongue:
 Tho' of her Lover she so sweetly plains,
 'To thine, oh! how inferior are her Strains!
 Charm'd by thy Verse, and by her Songs to rest,
 My yielding Eyes the God of Sleep confess'd:
 But tho' his leaden Rod triumphant reign'd,
 My grateful Hand, with Care, thy Lines contain'd.
 Methought I heard a tuneful Voice behind,
 Oh! where shall I the gentle CLIO find?
 Guide me, sweet Boy, for thou hast made me
 blind.

Soft was the Sound, as Winds that brush the Grass,
 And sighing o'er the falling Blossoms pass;
 Or as poor *Eccho's* Voice, when, out of Breath,
 Her panting Lungs have sigh'd themselves to Death.
 The gloomy Arbour suddenly grew bright,
 And I beheld a lovely Youth in white,
 Supported by *two Gods*, both Strangers to my
 Sight.

They *both* were crown'd, methoughts, but *different Ways*;
 The *one* with *Lovers Tears*, and *one* with *Bays*:
 But as I gaz'd, an *Arrow* straight appear'd,
 My Heart beat fast, and for its Safety fear'd.
 Oft had I seen the *Boy* on *Canvas* glow,
 But scarce e'er felt the *Power* of his *Bow*.
 APOLLO led thee trembling to my Feet;
 I rose methought, thy lovely Form to meet;

And

CLIO to STREPHON.

And as my Eyes more curiously survey'd,
 I saw your Robe of deathless Numbers made,
 Which, as you graceful mov'd, around you play'd.
 Your languid Eyes were to the Earth declin'd;
 Yet, as they downward bent, the Muses shin'd:
 The am'rous Myrtle bloom'd upon thy Breast,
 And thus thy tuneful Soul it self express'd.

A TREMBLING Bird, that has its Parents lost,
 Wounded by cruel Hands and nipping Frost;
 Pining, alas! I melancholy stray,
 Till Love and CLIO smile, and make me gay.
 From STREPHON's Bosom I this Night-am fled;
 Aloud I cry'd, Is then my Poet dead?
 My Arms I folded, and declin'd my Head.
 Adieu sweet Poetry! Expire my Lays,
 Or only live to sigh and sing his Praise.
 A finer Voice no Youth could ever boast,
 He charm'd the World, but CLIO's Heart the most.
 Oh! that my Fate would one Request allow;
 I've heard of Transmigration, grant one now:
 Permit his Soul to dwell in CLIO's Breast,
 Let hers depart, and fly away to Rest;
 For it is weary of this wretched Clay,
 Wants higher Joys, and longs to wing away.
 Sure, there are better Worlds, than this, above,
 Where there is Innocence and faithful Love:

CLIO to STREPHON.

Small Diff'rence 'tween our Bosoms would be known;
For CLIO's Passions all are like his own.

HERE Sorrow, such as Verse can hardly paint,
Withheld my Voice, and made my Spirits faint.
I wak'd, and found my lovely Vision fled,
And sigh'd, as I forsook my grassy Bed,
Oh! live my STREPHON, 'till I wish thee dead.

CLIO.



Going



Going with
An Intent to see CLIO,
But not bold enough
To Enquire for HER:
OR, THE
COMBAT
BETWEEN
HOPE and FEAR.



LESS me! how strange the Hearts of Men
are made,

This Moment bold, and yet the next
afraid!

With what vast Joys, what Ecstasies, inspir'd,
Did I propose to see whom I admir'd?

Big with *vain Hopes* I march'd *securely* on,
And thought Pd *Courage* to be *so* undone.

But

12 STREPHON to CLIO.

But when I reach'd the Confines of the Place,
To which, tho' graceful, thou do'st add new Grace,
My beating Heart began to sink apace:
How did it pant with Joy, and with 'twas near,
And yet, when 'twas so, palpitate with Fear?
Now, by thy Charms allur'd, I seek the Track,
Arm'd with fresh Hopes; fresh Fears affright me back.
Thy awful Beauties, in my Mind, I view,
And Hopes and Fears alternately subdue.

'Twas in that doubtful Hour of Love-debate,
When now I courted, and then shun'd my Fate:
'Twas then (my Conqu'ror!) that before my Sight
My Thoughts presented thee divinely bright:
'Twas then, that all thy mighty self appear'd,
Like *Venus* lov'd, but like *Minerva* fear'd.
All the three Graces triumph'd in thy Face,
And in thine Eyes did Light'ning Glories blaze:
Next on my self I cast a low Regard,
And ask'd my Bosom how it stood prepar'd?
What Merits it could boast, that humble I
Should risque the Vengeance of that pow'rful Eye?

It told me, 'twas prophane to wish the Joy,
And Light'nings, what they gilded, might destroy.

My Fears were to a Giant's Stature grown,
And not a Wish I dar'd to call my own;

STREPHON to GLIO. 13

In Agonies confus'd, my Heart was toss'd,
 And all my Hopes were in a Pannick lost.
 Thus, strange mysterious Cowardice in Love!
 I lose the Minutes, which I should improve.
 In Love to Death with her I never saw;
 I run to see — and, e'er I see, withdraw.

So the bold Boy, untrain'd to Martial Art,
 Proud of the youthful Blood that warms his Heart;
 With some great Hero's *written* Worth inspir'd,
 By borrow'd more, than real Courage, fir'd,
 Flies to a Siege, and thirsty for Renown,
 With his own Hand he takes, *in Thought*, the Town;
 But when the Light'nings blaze, and Thunders roar,
 Wishes the Safety, he despis'd before.

YET, as the Youth once frighten'd, with Delight
 May read again, and, fir'd again, may fight,
 Till his Sword, tracing those recorded Deeds,
 Transcribes, on yielding Walls, the Worth he reads:
 So will I read those pow'rful Lovers Arts,
 Who, their own vent'ring, won fair Ladies Hearts;

MEAN while, remember *how* my Soul is lost,
 And animate with Verse thy Lover's *Ghost*.
 Thou know'st, thou said'st my Form thou wou'dst o'er-
 pass,
 And love the Soul amidst its homely Case.

SOBBAT

Once

14 STREPHON to CLIO.

Once more, ye Heav'ns, inspire her so to sing,
And bring the News, my Angel, on thy Wing.

STREPHON:

P. S. Though I dare not come my self, I have ventur'd to do a Thing almost as bold; and that is, to send you two little Fragments of *Tasso*, which I have translated into the *English*. I believe you have read *Fairfax*, and then you will wonder, perhaps, that I, who could write no better, attempted them after so great a Man.

The two Fragments, that accompanied this Letter, having been recover'd by the Editor, are now inserted as follows, in their proper Place, in this new Edition.



TASSO's



TASSO's Jerusalem.

BOOK the Second.

The ARGUMENT.

The Christians besiege the Town. Ismeno, an Apostate from Christianity, and a Magician, advises the Infidel King to seize from the Christians, that were Inhabitants in his Town, an Image of our Lady; and he, by laying that under Inchantment, pretended to frustrate all the Designs of the Besiegers. The King seizes the Image, places it under strong Guards in a Mosque. The Image is surpriz'd from the Guards. The King resolves upon a general Massacree of all Christians in the Town, unless the Offender be discovered. Sophronia, a young Christian Lady of Quality, takes the Crime upon herself, to save so many from suffering. Olindo in Love with Sophronia, endeavours to clear her Innocence, and uses Arguments to prove the Guilt wholly his own. The King condemns them both to be tied Back to Back to a Stake, and burnt to Death. Clorinda, an Heroic Princess among the Infidels, coming to offer her Assistance in the Wars to the King, mov'd with this Spectacle of the condemn'd Lovers, and being acquainted with the Reason, suspended the Execution, and then procured their Pardon of the King.



WHILE thus the Tyrant, in his raging
Thought,
Shed Christian Blood, and future Battles
fought,
His barba'rous Presence old *Ismeno* fought.

Ismeno

16 TASSO's Jerusalem.

Ismeno yawning Tombs of Marble made
Yield up, in living Forms, their buried Dead.

Ismeno could, by Force of Magick, make
Hell's Monarch, in his own dread Regions shake;
Call Fiends, his Envoys, from their drear Abode,
And hold or loose them, at his powerful Nod.
A Christian once, now breaking Christian Vows,
To *Mahoune* he, with impious Homage, bows;
Yet midst his Charms, O vile Remains of Faith!

Invokes both God and Satan in a Breath.

Forth from dark Caves, where, far from vulgar Eyes,
He skulk'd to learn his Art's black Mysteries;
To Court he came, to Court black Arts did bring,
And grew Chief Council to the Tyrant King.

And thus he spoke; My Lord, you see, the Foe,
Flush'd with the Old, does for New Conquests glow.

Our Trembling Town the near Approaches dreads,
Thinks the black Tempest's bursting o'er our Heads.

'Tis ours, my Liege, to act a manly Part,

Fortune stands, always, by the brave of Heart:

And well for us propitious Fates ordain,

That you should lead the Men, o'er whom you reign;

You, that do all Things, which a princely Mind

Could for the Subject's Safety have *design'd*.

Thus, in his Post, if ev'ry Man behaves,

If thus each Subject acts, the Christian Slaves

Will gain but Ground enough to make them Graves.

For

TASSO's Jerusalem. 17

For me, my Lord, I come to beg a Share
Of all your Fortunes in the Course of War:
If all, that Ages best Advice can do
Can serve you, nay, join Magick Science too,
I'll ransack both, and offer all to you.
I'll press the banish'd Angels to your Aid,
They shall your Counsels, they your Armies lead,
And bear a Part in each heroick Deed.
But first it fits, that I unfold the Scene,
And tell you, whence th'Inchantment shall begin,
Hid from our Eyes, within a Christian Fane
Low in a Vault, an Altar long has lain,
Where, with great Pomp Priests shew th'unletter'd Crowd,
The figur'd Mother of their buried God:
She's call'd their Virgin, and before her Face
Gold Lamps with Oil feed a bright pageant Blaze:
These hang all round her, in long Order wrought,
Which cred'ulous Fools with wild Devotion brought.
This your own Royal Hands must move away,
And to the sacred Mosque the Prize convey:
There I'll soon bind it down with wondrous Charms,
And lay such Spells upon the Christian Arms,
Our Walls, while that shall in my Hands remain,
Attempt they may, but shall attempt in vain.

FULL of this Speech, and big with his Advice,
Th'impetuous Monarch to the Temple flies;
In vain the Priests a holy Rescue try'd,
He curs'd their Pray'rs and Tears, their God defy'd:

Wickedly

18 TASSO's Jerusalem.

Wickedly resolute he seiz'd his Prey,
And bore it, with ignoble Pomp, away.
In his vile Chapel, where false Worship cries
Too oft for Vengeance from th'affronted Skies,
With Sacrilegious Joy, he laid the sacred Prize.
Straight his Magician fought th'unhallow'd Place,
And mutter'd Blasphemies around its Face.

WHEN the returning Dawn, with Streaming Light,
Shot through the chequer'd Air, and streak'd it white,
The Guards all wak'd, but wak'd with vast Surprise,
The Image gone, they scarce believe their Eyes;
They seek it long, but long they seek in vain,
Then, in a Body, to their King complain:

THE King stark mad, of ev'ry Sense bereft,
Stamp'd, rav'd, and to the Christians swore the Theft;
And sure that pious Robbery was done
For Mother Church, by some religious Son;
Or else high Heaven itself, that must disdain
To see its Queen, in Effigy, remain
So long imprison'd in so vile a Place,
Stoop'd to its Aid with more immediate Grace.
But whether Heav'n or Earth demands the Claim,
Rests undetermin'd by the Voice of Fame;
Yet, of the two, 'tis best to judge it still
Due, more to heav'nly, than human Skill.

Mean:

TASSO's Jerusalem. 19

Meanwhile, their Rounds the busy Heralds march'd,
All Houses rifled, and all Churches search'd:
All Men were try'd to bring the Crime to Light,
That Racks could terrify, or Gold invite.
Ifmeno too his magick Pow'rs employ'd,
But fruitless all his *Dreams*, and unenjoy'd:
For Heav'n (if done or not by heav'nly Arms)
Clouded his Visions, and suppress'd his *Charms*.

WHEN the dire Tyrant found that nought avail'd,
That nor his Threats, nor his Rewards prevail'd;
Back on the Christians all his Rage return'd,
And his fierce Heart with Flames of Fury burn'd:
All Thoughts of Mercy in his Mind subside,
And Vengeance rises with a swelling Tide;
Till in these Words, while red his Eye-Balls roll,
Forth rush'd Wrath's Torrent, from his stormy Soul.

SINCE they have rouz'd my Rage to this Degree,
I'll make their *unknown* Robber *know*, said he,
I'll reach him, in a general Massacre.
Yes, rather than that Wretch my Wrath shall fly,
Perish the Just, and let the guiltless die.
Just! — who are just? — That Word's unjustly us'd,
To favour them, I have myself abus'd.
There lives not that *one* Man, among the *whole*,
But would abjure my Title from his Soul.

Then,

20 TASSO's Jerusalem.

'Then, grant some few of such vile Miscreants free,
From the new Guilt of this Enormity;
Since former Crimes make good their present Doom;
I'll pay that *amiens* Grudge, I owe them, Home.
Up, Up, for Honour's sake, my Friends, your Lord
Speaks the Command, your *Sou'reign* gives the Word;
Dispatch, and put them all to Fire and Sword.

Thus to the giddy Populace he said;
And in a Moment Fame the Tidings spread:
The fatal Tidings reach'd the Christians Ears,
The fatal Tidings each astonish'd hears;
Half Thunder-struck to find their Fate so nigh,
Merely for Fear of Death, they almost die.
Quite of all Presence of their Minds depriv'd,
They no Defence, they no Escape contriv'd,
Fram'd no Excuses, none they thought would pass,
Nor were they bold enough to beg for Grace.
Left to Despair, when all just Hopes were gone,
Safety they found, where they could hope for none.

A MAIDEN, 'mongst their Number, chanc'd to be,
Just in the Pride of her Virginity:
Her noble Mind a royal Greatness wears,
And early Wisdom meets her ripen'd Years;
Tho' wond'rous wise, yet is she fair as wise,
But still that Beauty seems not much to prize,

Or

TASSO's Jerusalem. T 215

Or prizes *Beauty* only, 'cause 'tis sent
To be its Sister *Virtue's* Ornament.
This Jewel long within a Cottage lay
Obscure, and cover'd from the Face of Day;
Whose Lustre clouded, as it were, in Night,
Doubled its Value, when it came to Light.
Free from Court Airs to Solitude she flies,
From flatt'ring Whispers and deluding Eyes,
Yet this fair Guardian of so sweet a Face,
Can't keep so close, but *one* may snatch a Gaze;
And that, once gain'd, must surely breed Desire,
Where once to see is always to admire.
You, *Cupid*, restless that she lay conceal'd,
To greedy Youth her tempting Charms reveal'd;
You, that can feign, this Minute, to be blind,
And can, the next, more Eyes than *Argus* find;
You did, thro' thousand Guards, with stolen Flight,
Ride, on the Ray-shot Arrows of his Sight,
To the chaste Object, and direct them right.

OLINDO his, *Sophronia* was her Name,
Both in one Town were bred, their Faith the same,
Tho' beauteous she, he could with Beauty vie,
And reach her modest Charms with Modesty:
Much lov'd he, little hop'd, no Suit he mov'd,
He knew not how, or durst not say he lov'd;
And, as for her, most certain 'tis, that she
His Love, or could not, or she would not see.

Thus

22 TASSO's Jerusalem: T

Thus all his slaving Pains, and anxious Care,
Or were unseen, or worse, unpitied were.

MEANWHILE the dreadful News she understood
Of the near Deluge of the Christian Blood.
Her Soul of all, that's great and generous, made,
Summon'd its helpful Virtues to their Aid.
To manly Deeds this Maiden's Thoughts aspire,
But Virgin-Blushes check the bold Desire;
Alternate Virtues in her Mind contend,
Modesty shuns, what *Courage* would commend:
This gain'd the Point; or, rather, *both* agreed
Themselves, by *joining* Forces, to exceed.
As while more brave, more bashful she became,
So *Courage* kindled with the blushing Flame.
Abroad, amidst the gathering Mob she goes,
Nor hides her Face, nor does her Face expose;
She went reserv'dly, but genteely well
Beneath the decent Umbrage of a Veil:
'Twas hard to say, if Artifice or Chance
Gave her a pretty Air of Negligence:
But sure all Nature, Love, and Heav'n conspir'd,
To fit her out for being most admir'd;
And join'd their Strength together to impart
Some nameless Pow'r beyond the Reach of Art.
The lofty Dame ador'd by all that view'd,
Unheedful pass'd the gazing Multitude,

Till

TASSO's Jerusalem. 23

Till to the Presence of the King she came,
Whose Eyes, all red with Anger, seem'd to flame.
Fearless she fac'd him close, her Ground maintain'd,
And a whole Storm of gloomy Frowns sustain'd.

I COME, said she, my Lord (so pray suspend
A while your Anger, and my Words attend)
I come to bring a welcome Sacrifice,
Th'Offender's Head to pay th'Offence's Price.

THE King half-smitten does the Fair behold
Modestly brave and reverently bold:
His Looks chang'd strangely; lo! dispersing now,
The low'ring Clóuds quit his unbending Brow.
Fury itself grew calm, and for a while
His sullen Majesty vouchsaf'd to smile:
Her radiant Eyes alone with Sovereign Sway
Could gild his gloomy Looks, and paint them gay.
She, that, alone, such Conquests could improve,
Disdains his Anger, and avoids his Love.
A Smile had don't, but Smiles she laid apart,
No backward Beauty wins a backward Heart:
He seem'd to wish by Pity to be press'd,
While Joys unusual melt his hardy Breast.

TELL on (said he) so I'll reprieve from Death
The fond Associates of thine idle Faith.

THEN

24 TASSO's Jerusalem.

THEN she — The Criminal before you stands,
Mine was the Theft, and these the guilty Hands;
Me, me you want; now set your Heart at rest,
And empty all its Passions on my Breast.

THUS bravely lavish of her noble Blood,
Her Head she forfeits for the publick Good:
O fair-fac'd Fiction! where's a Truth to clear,
That equal Judges would to thee prefer?

THE Tyrant paus'd; nor, as he wont to do,
Into warm Passion's sudden Sallies flew,
But calmly said, — I pray you, Maid, relate,
Who was your Counsel and Confederate?

SAID she, No Partners in my Trophies shine,
I'd the good Pride to make them wholly mine,
Gloriously conscious to myself alone,
My own the Counsel, and the Deed my own.

To just Revenge then, sternly he replies,
Thou, only thou, shalt fall a Sacrifice.

'Tis just, indeed, said she, 'tis meet that I,
Who singly gain'd the Glory, singly die.

SWELLING he ask'd her, with o'er-awing Pride,
Where she the Image had presum'd to hide?

I HID it not, the fearless Maid reply'd,
I offer'd up in Flames the sacred Pledge,
And set it free from future Sacrilege:
Look for the Thief, but let the Theft alone;
Here am I still, — but that's for ever gone: —
Know too I'm wrong'd in that opprobrious Name,
That was no Theft, nor I a Robber am;
Justly I rescued a much injur'd Prey,
'Twas you unjustly ravish'd it away.

STUNG to the Soul, with what h'impatient heard,
His Teeth he gnash'd, and all a Fiend appear'd:
He gives a Loose to his destructive Rage,
And certain Death his horrid Looks preface.
Her noble Mind, chaste Heart, and charming Face,
Raife no remaining Glimpse of Hopes for Grace.
Love comes too late to interpose his Shield,
When Savage Nature grows too fierce to yield.
She is led Captive, and, all wild with Wrath,
The Tyrant doom'd her to be burnt to Death.
Officious Ruffians round the Victim press'd,
Prophan'd her Veil, and tore her sacred Vest.
Round her soft Arms, while hard rough Cords they ty'd,
Her Breast just heav'd, but ne'er a Sigh supply'd:

Silent she stood amidst the clam'rous Crew,
 But ruddy Roses from her Cheeks withdrew :
 Yet, when they vanish'd, new appear'd to Sight,
 Not sickly pale, but ravishingly white.

THE spreading News drew gath'ring Crowds to see,
 Spectators of the moving Tragedy :
 Among the rest did young *Olindo* come,
 None knew the Maid, all knew, too well, her Doom.
 Some secret Dreads this Youth's fond Bosom move,
 He knows not why, yet fears it is his Love.
 This *thought-born* Grief, e'er known, a real Pain
 Grows in his Fancy, and distracts his Brain.
 But when he fetter'd saw the beauteous Dame,
 Guiltless esteem'd, yet sentenc'd to the Flame;
 Saw all the busy Ministers of Fate,
 With greedy Cruelty, impatient wait;
 Headlong he flew, and should'ring thro' the Crowd,
 To the King's Presence, thus he cry'd aloud.——

Not she, not she is guilty of the Fact,
 Vainly she boasts of what she did not act;
 The simple Maid is by herself traduc'd,
 Prompted by Pride, through Folly self-accus'd:
 A Work so great, so full of Danger too,
 She knew not how, she durst not, could not do.
 How should she all the prying Watch deceive?
 And by what Art the pond'rous Image heave?

But,

TASSO's Jerusalem.

27

But, if she did it, let her name the Way,
'Twas I, my Lord, I bore the Prize away.

In Pain for her he lov'd, he courted Pain;
(Pity who lov'd so much, should love in vain)
And thus the fatal Credit strove to gain.

Up your high Mosque, just where the Lamp of Day,
Thro' Chrystals perforates its lucid Way.
With wond'rous Pains I climb'd the steep Ascent,
And through a Breach almost impervious went.
The Honour and the Death is due to me,
She shan't usurp the glorious Penalty.
Mine are those Chains, they rattled as I pass,
And seem'd to bid me come with eager Haste;
For me the Fire stays, justly slow, awhile,
And here I claim it as my Fun'ral Pile.

SOPHRONIA rais'd her Head, with humble Grace,
Bent down till then, and shew'd her blooming Face:
Her Face appear'd like op'ning Paradise,
And mild Compassion languish'd in her Eyes,
Which turning meekly to the Youth, the Maid,
With all the Sanctity of Manners, said.

HAPLESS young Man! why are you rashly come
To draw down on you this untimely Doom?

C.

Think

28 TASSO's Jerufalem.

Think you that I'm unable, without you,
To bear the worst the Rage of Men can do?
Know I've a Heart, that's brave enough to die
Without the poor Relief of Company.

THESE were her Words; but, fix'd beyond Controul,
Remain'd the fatal Purpose of his Soul.
O glorious Pair! O *mournful, pleasing* Sight!
Where Love and Virtue *amicably* fight,
Where Death's the Laurel, that the Victor wears,
And Safety's all the Ill, the vanquish'd fears.
While each contends to *merit* all the *Blame*,
The gen'rous Conflict rais'd the Tyrant's Flame.

THEN scornful said the King, with sneering Spight,
In whose misconstruing, and dishonest Sight,
They, with his Torments, seem'd his Pow'r to flight;
You both shall triumph, both the Laurel gain,
Pity, who strive so well, should strive in vain.

HIS ready Slaves watch his imperious Nod,
And the poor Youth with heavy Fetters load.
And now the loving Captives, Back to Back
Spitefully turn'd, are fasten'd to the Stake.
Now to a Pile the buildd Faggots grow,
Broad the Blaze crackles, and the Bellows blow.
Bursting in Tears, and lamentably sad,
The Youth complaining, thus bespeaks the Maid.

AND

TASSO's Jerusalem. 29

'AND are these then the Bonds, by which thou'rt ty'd,
 To my desiring Arms a lovely Bride?
 Little I thought, that such would be the Fire,
 Which should with equal Warmth our Hearts inspire:
 Far other Flames than these I hop'd to prove,
 But sure there's no such Cheat as flatt'ring Love.
 With silken Ties he my fond Heart ensnar'd,
 But my cross Fortune Iron Chains prepar'd.
 Too long these Arms thy absent Form repin'd,
 And, now they meet, alas! in Death they're join'd.
 Me though my niggard Stars ne'er kindly led,
 A joyful Consort to your happy Bed;
 'Twas kindly done of them to let me be,
 At least a Sharer in your Destiny.
 Your cruel Lot I cannot help but mourn,
 Not so my own, since near your Side I burn.
 But, oh! how thoroughly happy were my Doom!
 By Heav'n's I'd bless the pleasing Martyrdom,
 If we were suffer'd Breast and Breast to join,
 I'd breath my Soul from my own Lips to thine;
 Then sucking, thy last hoarded Breath improve,
 That Fate might take the Leavings of our Love.

This said, in Bitterness of Soul he sighs,
 Whom sweetly counselling, she thus replies.

QUITE other Thoughts, and better Tears, my Friend;
 Our Case demands, and for a nobler End.
 Think of your Sins, call all your Faults to Mind,
 Think what Rewards converted Hearts will find,
 Where Pleasure fills the infinite Abode,
 And where the Promiser himself is God.
 Bear in his Name these Pains ; — they'll Joys become,
 Then wing thy Way to thine eternal Home:
 The Sky how clear, behold, the Sun how bright!
 See how they comfort! Look how they invite!

THE Pagan Mob, compassionately bent,
 With their loud Cries the circ'ling Æther rent.
 The sobbing Christians half afraid to moan,
 Choak'd their swell'd Hearts to stifle in each Groan.
 From mingled Cries a strange odd Hearing came,
 Which pain'd the Ear with Sounds that want a Name:
 Forc'd was the King himself to bear a Part;
 It pierc'd his Ears, and reach'd his harden'd Heart;
 He felt Compassion pouring in apace,
 But had a *strange Remorse* to yield to Grace;
 Chid his own *Softness*, yet he fear'd to stay,
 Turn'd his a lſ-vanquish'd Eyes, and stalk'd away.

YET while *one* Grief such *various* People prov'd,
 Thou stoodst, *Sophronia*, 'midst the Flames unmov'd:

Thou

Thou 'midst the gen'ral Groans, didst Silence keep,
Wept for by all, not once was seen to weep.

WHILE thus the circ'ling Danger nearer grew,
One, like a Warrior dress'd, appear'd in View:
Awful in Port, and in Demeanor high,
Full of such Grace, as spoke Nobility;
Whose foreign Habit, and whose Arms proclaim
Their Owner far from distant Nations came.
A Tygres's grac'd the Helm, the famous Crest,
Each aw'd Beholder's gazing Eye possess'd:
In former Wars *Clorinda* wore the Sign,
All guess'd 'twas she; nor did they wrong divine.

EARLY she learn'd, a Stripling, to despise
The Modes and gayer Arts, which Women prize:
Arachne's Looms and Needles she disdain'd,
Nor let the Distaff soil her haughty Hand.
Free from the filken Indolence of Dress,
And from the wanton Closer's soft Recess,
She took a Pride, unusual, to maintain
Her Honour spotless in the open Plain:
When yet a Child, she'd with her Infant Hand
Guide foaming Bits, and fiery Steeds command;
Broad Faulchions brandish, and strong Spears she'd wield,
And taught her Limbs to bear the hardy Field:
Cross Mountains high, thro' deep thick woody Ways
She'd urge shagg'd Lions, and provoke the Chace.

32 TASSO's Jerufalem.

CURIOUS to see, and to enquire what Fault
To such a fatal End the Captives brought,
She urg'd her neighing Steed; ador'd she rode
Thro' op'ning Lanes, made by the yielding Crowd.
And thus, arriv'd, address'd, with awful State,
The chief commanding Officer of Fate.

SAY who these Captives, speak the Reasons, why
They're doom'd to this unhappy Destiny?

BRIEF was his Answer, but compleatly good;
He said no more than just the Thing he should.

SHE heard it with agreeable Surprise,
And both appear'd *not guilty* in her Eyes:
She straight resolv'd t'avert th'impending Blow,
If Pray'rs or Tears, or Force of Arms would do.
Then to the Provosts of grim Death she said,
In Words, that shew'd her born to be obey'd,

DARE not one Man, not one among you all,
Do the dread Duties of his bloody Call,
Till me your Monarch hears, hears what I say?
I'll pass my Word, he pardons the Delay.

STRUCK, by her god-like Presence, deep with Awe,
They're all obedient, and confus'd withdraw.

SHE to the Soldan did, with Speed, resort,
And chanc'd to meet him on her Way to Court.

I AM *Glorinda*, said the Martial Fair,
That Name perhaps has reach'd your Royal Ear.
My Lord, I come, with Joy to guard in Fight,
Your Subjects Safety, and your Regal Right:
Ready, as you shall give the ready Word,
I'll smoothe the Paths of Danger with my Sword.
Name, or some *great* or *humble* Enterprize,
That I don't *dread*, nor shall I *this despise*;
But act, as your high Pleasure shall ordain,
Within the Walls, or in the open Plain.

THEN thus the King; Where does that distant Land,
Tho' ne'er so far remote from *Asia*, stand?
Where does that Region, so divided lie
From the bright Orb, that circles round the Sky,
But knows the trav'ling Honours of thy Name,
And sounds (O glorious Virgin) with thy Fame?
Since join'd with mine thy pow'rful Sword appears,
I take new Courage, and dismiss all Fears:
Were, now, whole Armies, on their March for me,
Less should I hope in them, than now in thee.
Now, now, methinks, each precious Moment's lost,
Bulloigne, too long, detains his lagging Host.

— But you enquire, what Feats you should pursue,
 I and the World (illustrious Virgin) know,
 That hardest Tasks alone are worthy you:
 Thine, o'er our Champions, be the sceptred Care,
 And be thy Word, their Law, the Word of War.

He spoke; she courteous thanks him for the Praise,
 Then, graceful, her Discourse resuming, says.

DOUBTLESS, 'twill seem a Thing intirely new,
 To claim Rewards, e'er Service shews them due:
 Yet of your Bounty confidently sure,
 One Boon I beg, and deem the Grant secure:
 'Tis that you would the *sentence d Pair* release,
 I will endeavour to deserve the Grace:
 As a pure Gift, their Lives I beg, I crave;
 And yet, methinks, they much hard Measure have:
 Uncertain Crimes for milder Judgments cry,
 But that, my Lord, I'll pass in Silence by.
 I'll pass by Proofs, that my whole Soul convince,
 That make me conscious of their Innocence.
 I urge but this—— tho' loud the Tongue of Fame
 Lays the whole Load upon the Christian Name,
 I must beg Leave to differ from you, there,
 Nor shall my Thought, without good Grounds, appear;
 Wrong did your Conj'ring Counsellor persuade,
 Wrong was that Image to the Mosque convey'd:

Th'ir.

TASSO's Jerufalem. 35

Th' Irreverence to our sacred Laws is plain,
 And the Magician's Motion was prophane:
 Not our own Pictures must Admittance find,
 Much less an Image of the Christian Kind.
 'Twas *Mahonne* did the mimick Form remove;
 The Miracle descended from Above,
 Perform'd by pow'rful *Mahomes* to prove
 Each Act is lawless, which his Mosque defiles
 With false Religion's superstitious spoils:
 Still let *Ismeno* try his boasted Charms,
 And fight in Magick, since he can't in Arms:
 But let us Soldiers, Soldiers Weapons try;
 Arms are our Trade, let us on Arms rely.

WITH these brave Words the beauteous Warrior ceas'd,
 And left the King to ponder her Request.

IN ill, tho' stubborn, stern Revenge his End,
 Stranger to Pity, and averse to bend;
 Yet fain he would oblige the pleading Fair,
 And mov'd by pow'rful Reasons grants her Pray'r.

So great an Intercessor, he reply'd,
 Ask what she will, must never be deny'd.
 Let them have both their Lives and Freedom too,
 Whether to *Justice*, or to *Mercy* due.
 If guileless, 'tis but just to set them free,
 And, if they're guilty, they're a Gift to thee.

AND now they're freed: — And now *Olindo* found
 His Deed, as happy, as it was renown'd:
 His well-try'd Faith convinc'd *Sophronia's* Eyes,
 And bad her Heart with gen'rous Ardour rise:
 The waken'd Passions rous'd her heaving Breast,
 Shone thro' her Eyes, and Love for Love confess'd.
 Not, as a Lover, thus belov'd he grows,
 No 'twas the Sufferer, that made the Spouse.

STILL the King view'd them with a jealous Eye,
 Nor so much Virtue could endure so nigh;
 Thence doom'd to Exile, by his harsh Command,
 Tho' weary both, both loving, Hand-in-hand,
 Sought the last Limits of the Holy Land.

N. B. The other Fragment out of *Tasso*, which contains Part of the celebrated Episode of *Clorinda* and *Tancredi*, should have been added here, together with proper Notes upon both of them; but that Design has been prevented by the Death of Mr. *Porter*, who wrote the Remarks at the Beginning of the Book.



A
FRAGMENT

From the Third Book of

TASSO's Jerufalem.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Town being invested by the Christians, Clorinda a Pagan Princess in a vigorous Sally begins the War; and, after having slain, in single Combat, one brave Christian Commander, encounters the Heroick Prince Tancredi, who beating off her Helmet, discovers her to be a Lady, who had formerly engaged his Heart. Meanwhile the Pagan Monarch in the Town is represented setting on a Tower with Erminia, a Princess secretly in Love with Tancredi and she informs the King who the several Christian Ex. are, as they approach the Town.



MEANWHILE, from some great Watch-
Tower's arduous Height,
Which could, o'er Mountain Tops, command
the Sight

OF

38 TASSO's Jerusalem.

Of Plains remote, a Guard look'd watchful down,
And saw a Tempest moving tow'rd's the Town,
The Dust appears, while spiry Volumes rise,
A huge black Cloud advancing thro' the Skies;
It seem'd to lighten, as it nearer came,
Lab'ring with fiery Deaths, and big with Flame;
At last the beamy Shields his Sight surprize,
And Men, and Horse, with Terror pale he spies.
"What Clouds of Dust I see, aloud he cry'd,
"Where mingling Gleams, like threat'ning Meteors,
"glide!

"Up, up, you Citizens, your Town defend,
"Fly to your Arms, and to the Walls ascend;
"Behold the Foe." — Then straight, with fresh Alarms,
He urg'd their Haste, and call'd, "To Arms, to Arms!
"They're here, they're here; see, see, the Dust inrols
"In one tremendous Cloud the darken'd Poles."

Young Wives, old Matrons, all confus'd with Dread,
Their Offsprings after them, promiscuous, fled.
Unfit for Arms, each reverend hoary Sire
Does, shaking more with Fear, than Age, retire
Pale, to their Mosques, the trembling Virgins fly,
War with their Tongues, and pray for Victory.
But Men of Martial Hearts, and boasted Might,
Buckle their Armour on, and claim the Fight;
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to fall,
Some line the Gates, and some ascend the Wall;

Like

TASSO's Jerusalem. 39

Like Clouds embattel'd, Tempests to perform,
They're wedg'd in Ranks, their Ranks the King does
form,
And, like an airy Demon, guides the Storm.

He to a Tow'r, his Orders giv'n, withdrew;
Between two Gates, with an aspiring View,
Well plac'd to regulate his Troops below,
And mark the Movements of the sieging Foe,
Its haughty Battlements it rear'd with Pride,
And over-look'd the Hills on ev'ry Side.
Thither this King, the fair *Erminia* led,
Erminia to his Court, for Refuge, fled,
When *Antioch* fell to Christian Arms a Prey,
Where slain, her Sire, the Lord of *Antioch* lay.

MEANTIME *Clorinda* bad the Gates unbar,
Made the first Sally, and commenc'd the War.
Her many Chiefs attend, and num'rous Bands;
Both Troops and Chiefs the Martial Maid commands,
Bold in the Face of Danger, leads the Way,
Foremost of all, and eager for the Fray.
Argantes, jealous of the dubious War,
In secret Ambush watch'd with anxious Care;
Ready, if ill Success should turn the Fight,
To stop the Paths of Death, and aid her Flight:

But

40 TASSO's Jerufalem.

But dauntless was the Female Warrior's Breast,
And such a Soul her sparkling Eyes confess'd,
That Courage blaz'd abroad, and fir'd the rest.
With Voice Majestick, with intrepid Mein,
She mov'd a Champion, and she spoke a Queen.

"ON us, she said, all *Asia's* Hopes depend,
" Bravely begin, since Honour is the End:
" The pregnant Seeds of future Glory lay,
" Let Conquests teem from this auspicious Day."

Thus while she spoke, the *French* Battallions spy'd,
Drive captive Herds to feed their Army's Pride.
The bleating Flocks, and lowing Cattle mourn
Their Keeper's Loss, and bellow to return.
Swift to their Rescue, the Fierce Virgin flies,
And now, in Thought, redeems the woolly Prize.
As quick to meet her (*Guardo* was his Name)
Sprung the *French* Chief, and equal was his Flame.
A Man he was, indeed, of passing Might,
But not her Match; unequal to the Fight.
Brave they both fought, till Death's decisive Wound
Drove *Guardo* headlong tumbling to the Ground.
Dismay'd the *French*, the tragick Sight beheld;
With Shouts of Joy the Pagans shook the Field:
Hence, Augurs grown, and of this Omen vain,
They fancy'd Conquests, from one Combat, gain.

She

TASSO's Jerusalem. 41

She tempts their Ranks, and, in a Press of Foes,
Her Maiden Arms a hundred Mens oppose:
Her Warriors wade red Paths, her Sword had made,
Which mow'd a Passage through the falling dead:
They push'd the Fortune of their lucky Day,
And from the Foe redeem'd the ravish'd Prey.

WITH Conduct brave, retiring slow, the *French*
Sell their Ground dear, and yield it Inch by Inch;
Till, with Advantage, on a rising Ground,
Their fainting Party, timely Succour found:
For, quick as Air, the gusty Whirlwinds rend,
Or flaming Bolts from bursting Clouds descend,
Tancredi fir'd, at *Godfrey's* awful Nod,
March'd up his Squadron like a leading God.
The Youth does, gayly terrible, advance
In threatful Guise, and shakes his pond'rous Launce.

HIM, from on high, the Pagan King beheld,
The chosen Warrior of the list'd Field;
And thus address'd *Erminia*, heav'nly fair,
Whose Form majestick grae'd the neighb'ring Chair,
Who felt soft Passions in her Bosom rise,
A panting Struggle, and a War of Sighs.

" TAUGHT by Experience, you, O Princess, know,
" Tho' sheath'd in Arms, the Chiefs, that lead the Foe.

" Who

42 TASSO's Jerufalem.

" Who is he, marches with that awful Grace,
" Bears that high Port, and boasts that princely Face?"

SIGHS fill her Lips, instead of a Reply,
And starting Tears stand struggling in her Eye.
She choak'd the Groans, and held the Bubbles in,
Not so, she held them, but they might be seen;
Her snowy Lids a scarlet Circle stain'd,
And half a Sob its plaintive Passage gain'd:
Then, thus she feign'd, and thus dissembl'd well,
Her Love, in mimic Anger's borrow'd Veil.

" Him! Yes, among ten thousand him I know;
" Too well, alas! — the Cause of all my Woe.
" Oft have I seen him in the sanguine Plain,
" Like swift Destruction, pile up Hills of Slain:
" I've seen him fluce away my Subjects Blood,
" Till Streams it fill'd, or grew it self a Flood.
" Like Time's and Death's, his scythy Sword can mow,
" And, ah! as deadly, and as sure the Blow.
" His Wounds are mortal all; they reach the Heart,
" Physick they poze, and baffle magick Art:
" 'Tis Prince *Tancredi*; O could, once, these Eyes,
" But once, in Chains behold him, e'er he dies!
" Alive I'd have the Slave, for Vengeance' sake;
" 'Twere the best Comfort, sweet Revenge could take."

TASSO's Jerusalem.

43

THE Royal Hearer, such is Woman's Art,
Drew from the cover'd Truth, she did impart;
Fierce Meanings, foreign to her tender Heart,

Now did *Clorinda* to the Fight advance,
And at *Tancredi* couch'd her pointed Lance.
Now, Face to Face, the Champion and the Fair
Plung'd, till both Spears flew splinter'd in the Air,
But her deserting Armour left her bare.
For, strange! at one dread Tilt, its Laces broke,
Her naked Head the Traytor Helm forsook:
Wav'd in the Wind, her Silver Tresses flew,
And all the Beauty stood confess'd to View:
Light'ning her Eyes, diffus'd a radiant Fire,
Charming, tho' fierce, they kindled soft Desire.
She, whose sweet Rage could Anger's self disarm,
What would she do, if Smiles improv'd the Charm?
O now, *Tancredi*, where is, now, thy Soul!
What Wishes in thy lab'ring Bosom roll!
At whom, quite lost in Wonder, dost thou gaze?
Art thou a Stranger to that lovely Face?
Yes, 'tis the same, the same that once inspir'd
Thy longing Soul, and all *Tancredi* fir'd.
Ask thine own Heart, for that can tell thee best,
Where, deep, her lovely Image lies impress,

Too

44 TASSO's Jerufalem.

Too sure, 'tis she, that at the lonely Stream
Did, where thou sought'st to cool, thy * Blood in-
flame:

Her crested Helmet, and her painted Shield
He knew not first, but her Face once beheld,
Amazement froze the Current of his Blood,
He grew to Stone, and like a Statue stood:
She, her Head guarding, with redoubled Fire,
Attack'd the Chief, then did the Chief retire:
Whizzing aloft did his bright Faulchion wield,
And fought the mingled Harvest of the Field.
Close she pursues him, and aloud she cries,
" Turn, if thou dar'st, again, to face these Eyes;"
And double Death she threatens as she flies,
Struck, and still struck, he ne'er return'd a Stroke:
Less on her Sword he fix'd his guardful Look,
Than on the Deaths, that sparkl'd from her Eye,
Whence *Cupid* bad unerring Arrows fly.

WITHIN himself, and to himself he said,
" In vain those Wounds are aim'd; she, lovely Maid!
" In vain, with boasted Strength, uplifts that Arm,
Tho' bound with Steel, that Hand can do no Harm:

" But

* Tancredi and Cloriada in the first Book are described, after a warm Battle, to have met at a Fountain, where he fell in Love with her.

TASSO's Jerusalem.

45

“ But not in vain she shews that naked Face,
 “ Like Lightning, bright and fatal is the Blaze,
 “ Its Beams fly pointed, and each Dart takes Place.”
 At length, though Hopes of Pity he had none,
 Yet he resolv'd to make his Passion known,
 Resolv'd, before he perish'd, to declare
 The wounded Captive to the cruel Fair.
 His Face, unfoldier'd, wore a suppliant Look;
 And, speaking thus, he trembl'd while he spoke.

O THOU, who from these Thousands, mark'ft out me,
 Of all thy sole distinguish'd Enemy:
 Leave we the mingl'd Host, and private try,
 Which is the bolder Champion, thou or I:
 Soon will a single Combat let thee know,
 Whether my Valour equals thine, or no.
 Helmless altho' she was, her Head all bare,
 His Challenge strait accepts the martial Fair,
 And bold she follows, to the dual War;
 The wond'ring Chief, in strange Confusion toss'd,
 And all the Champion in the Lover lost.
 Now in a fighting Posture stood the Maid,
 And aim'd a deadly Blow, when thus he said.

“ Hold, let us first, before we prove our Might,
 “ Settle some previous Articles of Fight:

“ Since

46 TASSO's Jerusalem:

" Since Peace, with me, relentless you disdain;
 " Since, if I begg'd it, I should beg in vain,
 " Be these the Terms, the best I hope to gain.
 " Tear out this Heart from miserable me,
 " No more my Heart, if it displeases thee:
 " Wretched in Life, if it offends thine Eye,
 " It will a very willing Martyr die,
 " Long since it wholly appertain'd to you;
 " Time I should yield, and you should seize your Due,
 " Behold, these nerveless Arms I low incline,
 " A guardless Breast, suspended, they resign.
 " Why strikest thou not a Heart so free to bleed?
 " Or would'st thou have me help the sanguine Deed?
 " Speak, from this Iron-House my Limbs I'll tear,
 " And to thy thirsty Sword my Bosom bear."

UNHAPPY, thus his Woes before the Maid,
 In melancholy Sighs, *Tancredi* laid,
 And more perhaps, much more he would have said:
 But Trampings, thick and thicker, beat the Ground,
 And stop the rest, with their untimely Sound.
 For mov'd by Stratagem, or urg'd by Dread,
 Hasty, the Pagans, from the Christians, fled.
 One, that pursued, staunch in the deathful Trade,
 Saw by the Winds her ringling Curls display'd;
 And, as he pass'd behind her, lifting high
 His deadly Faulchion, with a Russian's Eye

Aim'd,

TASSO's Jerufalem. 47

Aim'd, at the Part expos'd, a barb'rous Wound;
 Forth leap'd *Tancredi*, with a sudden Bound,
 And, stop your Hand, he cry'd; and, at the Word,
 Warded the whizzing Murder with his Sword.
 Yet not, all vain the Blow, it just descends,
 Where, near her snowy Neck, her Head depends:
 Few Drops, for glancing was the Wound, and slight,
 Her Locks vermilion'd, and so stain'd the white,
 As Rubies, set in Silver, we behold,
 With darting Crimson, warm the fulgid Mold.

Now would *Tancredi* make the Villain feel
 The Death he strove to give, and grasp'd his Steel.
 The Prince, whose Rage he shun'd with hasty Dread,
 Follow'd all Vengeance, he all Terror fled.
 Swift, the Pursued, and the Pursuer, go,
 As feather'd Arrows from the twanging Bow.
 In deep Suspence, the wond'ring Maid beheld
 The speedy Racers scow'r the distant Field.
 Loth to pursue, her Flight she meditates,
 Joins her own Troops, and with the Rout retreats;
 She turns, returns, now flies, now puts to Flight,
 Now Battle gives, and now recedes from Fight.
 'Twas hard to say, while she disdain'd to yield,
 Whether she chas'd, or fled the list'd Field.
 So the stout Bull on following Dogs will turn
 The pointed Vengeance of his goring Horn;

Amaz'd

48 TASSO's Jerusalem. T

Amaz'd the gen'ral Hunt shrink back apace,
But once he turns to fly, renew the Chace;
New Heart they take, the Savage tempt again;
Full Speed, full cry, they mouth along the Plain.
High, at her Back, the fair *Clorinda* held
The ample Orb of her defensive Shield;
Its ample Orb protected, as she fled,
From swift pursuing Darts, her helmless Head.
So manly *Moors*, that in rough Sports contend,
Shielded, their Heads from rapid Balls defend.



TO



T O
STREPHON,
ON HIS

Excellent VERSES,

And on his
VERSION of TASSO.



H, where shall I from such sweet Sounds
retire!

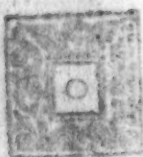
The God of Love himself has tun'd thy
Lyre,

And taught it ev'ry Passion to inspire.

With Wit, with Art, and pow'rful Flatt'ry strung,
The Heav'n-born Muses dwell upon thy Tongue;
Their best-lov'd *Ovid*, whom they made their Choice,
Had not a greater Skill, nor sweeter Voice;

50 CLIO to STREPHON.

My Heart, tho' far from the Coquette remov'd,
 Receiv'd thy Praise, and silently approv'd.
 The *World*, which seem'd a *Trifle* to my View,
 Is *less despis'd*, since 'tis *adorn'd* by you;
 And I its *empty Pleasures* could *endure*,
 Were but my Soul of such a *Friend* secure.
 How *few* in all the *Tour* of Life we find,
 That either can *improve*, or *charm* the Mind?
 Scarce can my Thought, in all the *boasted Crowd*,
 Recal one Friend to *make* my Mem'ry *proud*.
 Tho' much of Flattery my Youth has prov'd,
 (For I have been what *others call belov'd*,)
 Yet still my *nicer Inclination* found
 Some *happy Fault* to keep me yet *unbound*.
 My Muse has been my *Pleasure*, and my *Care*,
 And I no *other Fetters* wish to bear:
 To *that*, O gentle Bard! thy *Fondness* give,
 And let thy *inoffensive Rival* live:
 From *that* thou canst no Danger apprehend,
 APOLLO's thine, and e'ry *Muse* thy *Friend*.
 No After-Ages will repeat my Name,
 Nor can I rob thee of thy purchas'd Fame;
 Yet if *thy Verse* does CLIO's Name adorn,
 I wish her not to *greater Glory* born.
 Secur'd by *thee*, what *peevy Bard* will dare
 To wound my Weakness when *thy Guard* is there?
 So great thy Reputation, and so bright,
 That I shall shine, reflexive by thy Light.



CLIO to STREPHON.

51

So have I seen some little flying Cloud
Gilt by the Sun, a while look gay and proud;
But, if its Beams their lovely Shine withdrew,
Its short-liv'd Beauties swiftly vanish too.

LEAD ON, my Gen'ral, then; and I may be,
Tho' many Ranks below, inspir'd by thee.
Beneath *thy Laurels*, Oh! *protect my Fear*,
And *shade thy little trembling Volunteer*.
Perhaps CLORINDA was a Coward too,
'Till she was taught to tread the Field by you;
Oh! how I emulate the *martial Maid*,
And read thy TASSO, till I'm *not afraid*!
How am I *charm'd* with ev'ry *finish'd Line*!
And *joy* that FAIRFAX' are so faint to thine!
You taught the FAIR to wield the pointed Dart,
And shew'd the softest Vein in TANCRED's Heart.
Oh! skill'd-in Love and Verse, thy Power employ,
To aid the dying Empire of the Boy!
He yields apace — and no TANCREDI shines,
But in thy Form, and thy excelling Lines.

CLIO.

D 2

Strephon's



Strephon's *ANSWER*,

Being in a

D R E A M:

O R, T H E

RECAPITULATION.

B Y

Way of DIALOGUE.



HY Verse, which run with Down-upon their
Feet,

Measure my Hours, and make my Minutes
sweet;

And when, in Reading, all the Day is spent,

Not all the Day can yield me full Content;

I start from Bed to PHOEBE's paler Light,

And, Glutton-like, devour 'em o'er at Night;

Then

Then walk my lonely Chamber, round and round,
 And kiss the *skilful Hand*, that gave the Wound.
 At length, when Nature, with *Fatigue* oppress'd,
Forces my *dozing* Head to *sink* to Rest,
 Still my *awaken'd* Soul is just the same,
Unweary'd still that courts thee, lovely Dame,
 And to it self presents thee in a *Dream*.

METHOUGHT, on DENNIS' much-lov'd Plain I lay,
 And Fancy turn'd the Noon of Night to Day:
 PHOEBUS appear'd; Wit reign'd upon his Brow,
 And Wits Reward, the sacred Laurel Bough:
 The Genial God, thro' ev'ry Feature, smil'd,
 And with these Promises my Ears beguil'd.

STUDY, *well-omen'd* Bard, thy Voice improve,
Mine gain'd but *Laurels*, *thine* shall gain thee Love.

WRAPP'D with the Prophecy my Harp I strung,
 And, what I can't awake, asleep I sung:
 Sweet was the Song, for CLIO was the Theme,
 CLIO! my Love! my Wish! my Bliss! my Fame!
 My Song rewarding to my vast Surprise,
 The witty Fair-one danc'd before my Eyes:
 The Vision struck me with religious Awe,
 As when their Goddesses old Poets saw.

WITH Eyes as radiant as the Beams of Day,
 Blooming with Heav'n-born Youth, and sprightly gay,
 Thus, my dear CLIO said, or seem'd to say.

CLIO.

Oh! where shall I from such sweet Sounds retire?
 The God of Love himself has tun'd thy Lyre,
 And taught it ev'ry Passion to inspire.
 That OVID, whom the Muses made their Choice,
 Had not a greater Skill, nor sweeter Voice.

STREPHON.

Oh! never, CLIO, never hence retire,
 Thee gone (for thou, Love's Goddess, dost inspire.)
 Dumb must my Tongue be, and unstrung my Lyre.
 The am'rous OVID ne'er had such a Choice
 Of Wit and Beauty to employ his Voice:
 Hadst thou been born to bless his happy Days,
 No Name but CLIO had adorn'd his Lays.
 Oh! tell me, can thy Soul be e'er inclin'd,
 That is *so witty*, to be *half as kind*?
 Canst thou not, tell me, canst thou not improve
 Thy *Wit* with *Tenderness*, and stoop to *Love*:
 To love a Man, who to his *last Hour's End*
 Would study *hourly* to be *more* thy Friend?

CLIO.

CLIO.

How few in all the Tour of Life we find,
 That either can *improve* or *charm* the Mind?
 Scarce can my Thought, in all the boasted Crowd,
 Recal *one Friend* to make my Mem'ry *pros'd*.

STREPHON.

No Wonder, CLIO, thou so few shouldst see
 Pleasing, for Pleasure is confin'd to thee:
 Crowds of Admirers ne'er should make thee vain,
 But they may boast, that by thy Charms are slain.
 So not the God, to whom Perfumes arise,
 With od'rous Pray'r, and welcome Sacrifice;
 Not he is honour'd, but the Man that prays,
 Because a Deity accepts his Praise.
 Be thou my Saint, thy Altars I'll adorn,
 And each new Day, new Incense will I burn;
 Be thou my Angel, thou, like Angels fair,
 Then will I pray, and thou shalt hear my Pray'r.

CLIO.

Though much of Flattery my Youth has prov'd,
 (For I have been what others call belov'd)

Yet —

STREPHON.

Have been belov'd! belov'd thou'lt ever be,
 While I have Ears to hear, or Eyes to see.
 For in thy Form, and in thy Voice I find,
 All that can please the Eye, or charm the Mind.
 But how can I, unhappy, hope to gain
 Her that has been so lov'd, — but lov'd in vain?

CLIO.

Yet still, my nicer Inclination found
 Some happy Fault to keep me yet unbound.

STREPHON.

Happy those Faults I ever shall esteem,
 That for my sake reserv'd thee safe from them;
 Who else had triumph'd in that boundless Joy,
 That does my Thoughts and ev'ry Wish employ.
 Of all my Faults, one Fault alone thou'lt prove,
 If that be one, *Extravagance in Love*:
 That you'll forgive; for Love should ever rise
 Proportion'd, as its Object's fair and wise;
 And sure, if Love should like thy Merits be,
 No Love can ever be too great for thee.

CLIO.

CLIO.]

My Muse has been my Pleasure and my Care,
 And I no other Fetters wish to bear :
 To that, O gentle Bard ! thy Fondness give,
 And let thy inoffensive Rival live ;
 From that thou can'st no Danger apprehend ;
 APOLLO's thine, and ev'ry Muse thy Friend.
 No After-ages will repeat my Name,
 Nor can I rob thee of thy purchas'd Fame ;
 Yet if thy Verse does CLIO's Name adorn,
 I wish her not to greater Glory born.

STREPHON.

CLIO is all my Pleasure and my Care,
 And I no other's Fetters wish to wear :
 To me then, CLIO, all thy Fondness give,
 And let thy truest, tend'rest Lover live.
 Of that I can no Danger apprehend,
 If ev'ry Muse is, as thou say'st, my Friend ;
 Heav'n knows, of all the Nine, but One I chuse,
 Ye Heav'ns ! Let CLIO be that friendly Muse ;
 Then future Ages will repeat my Name,
 For, if she'd wear it, she would give it Fame.

CLIO.

My Heart, tho' far from the Coquette remov'd,
 Receiv'd thy Praise, and silently approv'd.
 The World, which seem'd a Trifle to my View,
 Is less despis'd, since 'tis adorn'd by you ;
 And I its empty Pleasures could endure,
 Were but my Soul of such a Friend secure.

STREPHON.

I just was going full of Joy to tell,
 That my fond Soul would in her Bosom dwell
 For an Eternity — But Fortune's Spight,
 Just at that Moment tore her from my Sight,
 Finish'd my Dream, and made me sigh all Night.

YET, PHOEBUS, yet thy Prophecy I'll prove,
 For Dreams, thy Poets say, descend from Jove.
 Then I'll pursue the Blessing of my Dream
 O'er Dennis' Plain, and view the lovely Dame.

STREPHON.

TO



TO
STREPHON,

In Answer to the
Foregoing **LETTER,**

*Which was kept a whole Month by a Lady, to
whom the Care of it was intrusted, before it was
deliver'd to CLIO.*



Y Eyes wept o'er the Verse that stray'd so
long,

What Hand could rudely treat thy charm-
ing Song?

Scarce can my angry Heart forgive the
Wrong!

It bleeds within me, while thou sadly plains,

It feels thy Voice, and softens at thy Strains.

I flew to still them, as the tender Dam

Hastes to the Bleatings of her fav'rite Lamb.

What have thy Numbers suffer'd for my sake?

Oh! how shall I a just Atonement make!

60 CLIO to STREPHON.

I mourn their Sweetness was so much distressed,
 And lay the wounded Beauties to my Breast.
 From them I will no hidden Dangers fear,
 They will not harm thy LITTLE TREMBLER here.
 I read thy Soul; tho' to thy Form unknown,
 And guess its gentle Temper by my own.
 Thou art compassionate, as Angels are,
 And hast of friendless Innocence a Care:
 To beauteous CHASTITY I see thee bend,
 The Goddess does into thy Soul descend,
 And with victorious Chaplets crowns my Friend.
 Thy temperate Veins do with her Licence move,
 For she allows of Poetry and Love,
 Which, as sweet WALLER sings, is all they do above.
 With modest Warmth, she gives them Leave to beat,
 Nor bids me disapprove the God-like Heat.
 I hear thy Song with innocent Delight,
 Nor chide the soft Delusions of the Night;
 I bless the God who to thy Dreams is kind,
 Still may my Image dance before thy Mind,
 And in thy Sleep thy fairy Temples bind.
 Let CLIO's Fingers with the Muses join,
 Let grateful CLIO make her Poet fine,
 Whose Verse has made her humble Merit shine.
 Blush not, ye PRUDES, to hear my modest Praise,
 Who ne'er have felt the Magick of his Lays;
 In Forms delightful may I still appear,
 For ever may he dream, and I for ever hear!

CLIO to STREPHON.

61

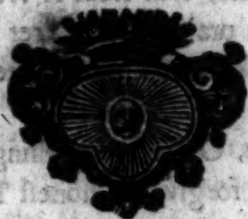
The *Laurel* and the *Bays* to thee I'll give,
Let CLIO only in thy Numbers live.
To ev'ry Thought of thine I'll lay a Claim,
I'll give thee Friendship, thou must give me Fame.
With Tenderness I will thy Presents use,
And be a Mother to thy tuneful Muse.
The soft Ambassadors you hither sent,
Now sleep at Ease, my Bosom is their Tent.
Like trembling Birds, who have their Parents lost,
Harm'd by ungentle Hands or nipping Frost,
Pining, alas! they melancholy stray'd,
'Till Love and I reviv'd them in this Shade.
My guardian Angel should have been their Guide,
And to his Wings thy am'rous Paper ty'd:
In bearing of the glorious Sheets along,
APOLLO would have caught the flying Song;
And, as he cut along the lower Sky,
Thy Verse had taught his Pinions how to fly.
Here, it with Peace and rural Sports shall dwell,
I, for its Master's sake, will treat it well:
But let not her, you praise, a Flatterer be,
'Tis rather for its sake I'm kind to thee.

THOU art a Judge, O sweet excelling Youth!
And canst, perhaps, forgive an honest Truth.

IN ev'ry Line-I see thy Features glow,
From ev'ry Thought, thy Shape, thy Air, I know,

I see the Joy, with which thy Cheeks are dress'd,
 When any Turn is happily express'd;
 The Pow'r of Verse my ravish'd Soul has prov'd,
 So canst thou charm, and so is CLIO mov'd.
 What artful Methods the Poetick find,
 To steal themselves into the Reader's Mind?
 I should receive thy *dang'rous Wit* with *Care*,
 For, Oh! the *Poet* lies in *Ambush* there.
 I see, I hear thee, thy persuasive Art!
 Oh! keep thy Verse, and let me keep my Heart;
 Or if, O gentle Bard! thou art my Friend,
 While thou attack'st, instruct me to defend.

CLIO.



TO



TO STREPHON.

*The Letter to which this Answer is made,
was lost.*



UCH Verse as thine, all Forms can plea-
sing make,
And whatsoever one you like to take,
Is pleasing to me for my Poet's sake;

Even thy Ghost is charming to my Sight,
Whilst it appears adorn'd in Black and White;
Not all the gaudy Colours of the East,
Could to my Eyes be such a perfect Feast.
Of other Spirits I am much afraid,
But walk with thine, and court the gentle Shade;
Whene'er the busy World is lain to Rest,
I fly unseen to thy ætherial Breast,
Alone at Midnight I converse with thee,
And VENUS lends her brighter Beams to me,
The Stars shine forth, they once were Lovers too,
And all the Planets sure are brib'd by you:

Thy

64 CLIO to STREPHON.

Thy Body must not all our Meetings know,
 For that's a Man, and therefore is my Foe.
 Ah! tell it not that I can write so kind,
 It will be jealous of thy purer Mind,
 And fondly will attempt to claim some Part,
 And rob its Rival Shadow of my Heart.
 Oft have I pray'd, and Heav'n has heard my Pray'r,
 To grant a Lover made like thee of Air,
 For I am tir'd with being long pursu'd
 By low Desires of mortal Flesh and Blood,
 A greater Complement you cou'd not pay,
 Than throwing all the Dross of Love away,
 Then coming to my Bosom thus refin'd,
 And leaving Sex and Interest behind.
 What Tell-tale *Sylph* familiar to my Heart,
 Cou'd this dear Secret to thy Ear impart,
 One Way there was my nicer Taste to move,
 And that alone was Numbers dress'd in Love.
 No golden Show'rs cou'd here a Conquest gain,
 I have beheld those Trifles with Disdain;
 Vice I have seen in gaudy Triumph shine,
 And Man survey'd in ev'ry mean Design;
 Low at my Feet I've seen these Monarchs lye,
 And ask'd my blushing Soul, the Reason why;
 Youth or gay Looks have made the *Wretches* bend,
 And *Slaves* a While, in order to ascend;
 But yet my harmless Pity I let fall,
 To see these mighty Masters of the Ball,
 Obedient to a short-liv'd Beauty's Call.

Such

CLIO to STREPHON.

65

Such earthly Passions, Virtue needs must blame,
But thine is sure a more transcendent Flame,
For which ev'n Love itself's too mean a Name.
Oh! let it then for heav'nly Friendship go,
Such as good Souls retain for Friends below,
Such! as thine wou'd, for happ'less CLIO find,
Shou'd you ascend, and leave her here behind.
By Heav'n thou art inspir'd, for something more
Shines in thy Verse, than I have found before,
Humour and *Wit* I have with Pleasure found,
But thine is with a pow'rful Softness crown'd,
From which I must my list'ning Senses guard,
Oh! ask not my Repose for thy Reward,
E'er I behold thee, let me here compound,
Retire, retire, methinks I hear the Sound,
But, Oh! my Feet are fasten'd to the Ground,
Such Force has Verse when guided by thy Hand,
It does each *Atom* of my Soul command.
Thus speaks my Soul. but it, alas! is join'd,
To human Clay, which is to Rules confin'd,
And thou thy self wou'd chide it, if too kind:
Yet whatsoever rigid Form attends,
Let us at least — eternally be Friends,
And I intreat thee, Oh! my charming Spright,
In Verse to visit CLIO ev'ry Night.

CLIO.

STRE-



STREPHON to CLIO.

My CLIO,



HAVE been made this Day the most unhappy of Men. A Fellow of a very sour Countenance, who was certainly born in an ill Hour, or his Tongue could never have told so much bad News in so few Words, inform'd me that my CLIO was very much indisposed. Death with his Scythe in one Hand, and his Hour-Glass in the other, shaking maliciously the few remaining Sands, and warning me that my last Hour was near expir'd, could not have touch'd me like this base Informer, who would with his saucy officious Tongue force into my unwilling Ears, the Story of your wanting your Health. — I will not believe it. — The Guardian Angels that attend you could not be so negligent, as to let you be in any Air where Sicknefs could reach you. — But, for fear of the worst, I will trouble you with no more, than first a Prayer to yourself, that you would let me know how you do; and telling you in the next Place, that I am upon my Knees, offering up another Prayer to your Guardian Angels, that they

STREPHON to CLIO.

67

they would be more diligent in finding Means of restoring you to your Health, than they were in preventing your Illness. — I shall scarce rise from the Cushion my Knees are bent upon, nor unclasp my Hands, nor stop my Lips from incessant Supplication, till your Reply comes. — May it be a comfortable one, and by signifying your Recovery, secure my own from a thousand Fears, more tormenting than the Agonies of Death would be to my dear CLIO,

Your Most Affectionate,

And Afflicted Servant,

STREPHON.



CLIO



CLIO to STREPHON.

My FRIEND,



HE poor Man indeed told you Truth, — for I have been, and still continue very ill, though I am somewhat better, which I impute to your Prayers and Friendship. I am charm'd with your Essays, which make Religion, what it really is, the finest Subject upon Earth. Since my Illness, I have read and admired those refined Notions, and am proud, He, that can think so divinely, should think of me at all. — You are very good to a Stranger, and CLIO is a thousand Ways your Friend. — Believe me, notwithstanding the Want of Health, she finds real Pleasure thus conversing with you. — You can write, tho' my Indisposition will not let me. — If it was not for Illness I would not leave you so soon. — Verse is healing to the Mind.

*Oh! then the Sacred Remedy apply,
And pleas'd I'll live; if not, with Pleasure die.*

CLIO.

OLD

ON



ON
CLIO'S *LETTER*,

WHEREIN

She tells me of her Sickness, and received on the Night when the great Storm of Thunder and Lightning was.



ATE, on the dreadful'st of recorded Times,
I VIRGIL'S *Omens* read in DRYDEN'S *Rhimes*:
How CÆSAR'S *Death*, e'er CÆSAR dead be-
came,

Thunders proclaim'd thro' Heaven's shiv'ring
Frame.

How howling *Ghosts* yell'd in the nightly Shade,
Till Tempests, dropping Fire, the Sprights display'd;
My Midnight Studies, struck with pleasing Dread,
And Parent *Bards* I left, and sought my Bed;
When, lo! incompass'd with a sudden Flame,
I found their *Verse* and *Nature* were the same.
Not with Presumption, but with humble Awe,
I view'd the Sky, and, what I read, I saw;

It

It flash'd a most intolerable Light,
 And turn'd to blazing Day the *pinny* Night;
 There, just receiv'd, and, yet unopen'd, lay
 Thy Letter kept to bless the foll'wing Day:
 Straight my foreboding Soul was much dismay'd,
 It knew not why, but trembled for its Maid;
 Fear'd what the greatest *Man's* Decease fore-sign'd,
 Fore-shew'd the sick'ning *Queen of Womankind*.
 Frighted I ran; the doubted Letter took,
 And, as I broke the Seal, my Fingers shook:
 But, when I read that *Sickness* harm'd my Dame,
 Read the sad Tidings by the dismal Flame;
 Then, tho' then loud did Jove's chief Thunders roll,
 Far greater Tempests labour'd in my Soul;
 And yet (my CLIO) 'midst that Storm of Care,
 Ev'n thy sweet *Musick* was too *harsh* to bear.
 Yes, *thy own Verse*, where *Sweets Eternal* reign'd,
 Grew *harsh*, quite *harsh*! — thy *Illness* they contain'd.
 Trust me (my Love) I sympathize with thee,
 Now, while I write, each Nerve's in Agony:
 Troops of sad Fears make ev'ry Heart-String quake,
 And reigning Agues all the Fabrick shake.
 Not so; when all my Nerves well pleas'd did move,
 While I was singing Tunes of thee and Love,
 When on your Harp (more pleas'd) I've heard you
 sing,
 And ev'ry Nerve has danc'd to ev'ry String.

Now

STREPHON to CLIO.

71

Now interrupting Sobs, that Musick break,
Mute must each Muse be, and mere Nature speak.
But Nature can't ——— for Nature's overcome,
Small Sorrows speak — but solemn Grief is dumb;
Yet if (ye Heav'ns) if yet ye can but hear,
Midst the loud Storms, that deafen ev'ry Ear;
I will subdue my Grief, and say one Pray'r :
When Light'ning next breaks thro' the cloudy Air,
Look thro' those Clouds, and when you see, you'll
spare.

AND you that are to me a dearer Part,
Than the last Drop is to a bleeding Heart;
Do not, o'ercome with Spleen, the Wits Disease,
Think Heav'n will *Virtue, Wit, and Beauty* seize.
To think 'twould be at such a vast Expence
As making thee, then snatch thee straight from hence.
Is doing Injury to Providence.
Don't be so cruel to thy self nor me,
Thou shal't not *die* ——— thou shal't *translated* be.

WHEN late, ah! be it late! when 'tis desir'd,
To seek the heav'nly Joys, of earthly tir'd;
May some good Angel join his *Lips* to thine,
Thou to his Lips thy balmy Breath resign;
He'll catch thy Soul wrapp'd in thy spicy Breath,
And disappointing the grim Forms of Death,

Shall

Shall thee, all shining, to that Heav'n translate,
Where *Spirits of thy Rank compound the State.*

Here ends the Pray'r, which high Heav'n appeas'd,
The Skies all open'd, and the Saints well pleas'd,
View'd her, ill Omens and the Tempest ceas'd.

STREPHON.





A N
ANSWER to CLIO,

*(Who speaks of Platonick Love,) sent to her just
after her Recovery from an Indisposition of
Health.*



ILL Sickneſs left you, till I knew you
cur'd.

Did I once mention what my ſelf endur'd?
Unleſs, when pitying you with Pains op-
preſt,

I pray'd, that quitting yours, they'd ſeek my
Breſt.

Now, 'tis my Turn, to name poor STREPHON's Pains,
And thine to pity now, whilſt he complains.
To thee (O CLIO!) is all Nature known,
Painted in Verſe, for Poetry's thy own:
Thou know'ſt the Pangs of diſappointed Love
Muſt, as its Object's dearer, ſharper prove.
Thou know'ſt, that, as our Souls are tend'rer made,
Thoſe ſoft Impreſſions are the deeper laid,

E,

That,

That, when *coy Ladies* Lovers Hopes controul,
 They to Distraction drive a manly Soul.
 Thou know'st thy self the *noblest* Form on Earth,
 That ever gave the *noblest* Passion Birth;
 Know'st ev'ry Glory shines confess'd in thee,
 And everlasting Tenderness in me.
 And, shall I, *dear, unkind, victorious Fair*,
 Be render'd up a Prey to wild Despair?

THOU'LT answer No, — then coldly call me, — *Friend*,
 And, *Spirit-like*, perhaps, *my Soul* commend.

IF Love was only seated in the Mind,
 As cruel now I call, I'd own thee kind.
 Does not each Line, which I have written, prove,
 That I adore thee with redoubled Love?
 That I admire thee *all the Ways* I can:
 As *Spirit* much, but still much more as *Man*?
 And who wants Arguments, by which 'tis prov'd,
 That Heav'n fram'd *Women*, so to be belov'd?
 Tell me not then, thou dear too cruel Fair!
 Thou oft hast pray'd, and Heav'n has heard thy Pray'r.
 To grant a Lover made, like me, of Air.
 No — were I Air indeed, — — nay, purer far
 Than the most pure Celestial *Beings* are;
 By Jove himself! I'd act my self like Jove,
 I'd put a *Body* on, and seek thy Love.

Ab!

STREPHON to CLIO.

75

Ah! that I could but put a *Body* on,
 But mine is *coarsely* made —— and I'm undone!
 Tho' *golden Show'rs* are Things that you disdain,
 Yet, for thy sake, I'd come in *golden Rain*:
 But, ah! my *niggard Stars*, to wound me Home,
 Gave me, *without the Wit*, the Poet's Doom.

UGHT I, in Prudence, all at once to name
 Such *Faults* —— which now a-days are counted *Shame*?
 Yes, I am *proud* to own 'em all to you,
 Happy and Rich in this illustrious View.
 You call'd me *Friend*, and I'll be ever true,

Now tell me, if *my Verse* can *pleasing* make,
 This *Form*, which I am *forc'd*, not *pleas'd* to take?
 Tell me, no wealthy *Beau* thy Love shall gain,
 That thou'lt behold the *Trifle* with Disdain.
 Not so, thou'lt say — Thou'lt say, thy Soul is join'd
 To human Clay, which is to Rules confin'd;
 And I must chide my Stars, that 'tis not kind.
 —— Still let me, like a Lover made of Air,
 Offer thy Words, but offer as my Pray'r.

YET whatsoever *rigid Forms* attends,
 Let us at least —— *eternally* be *Friends*.

STREPHON.

E 2

TO



TO
STREPHON,

In ANSWER to both his

Admirable LETTERS,

OF HIS

ILLNESS and Platonick LOVE.



WONDER not at what thy Verse performs,

I know its Pow'r, and understand its Charms,
The Storm grows gentle, and its Sound obeys,

And even *Thunder* softens at thy *Lays*.

Angels themselves, from their own Heav'ns descend,

They hear, and wonder, and become thy Friend:

Not all the *Sweetest* Instruments combin'd,

The softest *Lute*, and sprightly *Viol* join'd,

Nor DAVID's Harp, like thee, can raise the Mind,

}
}

My

CLIO to STREPHON.

77

My Soul, which is, of tend'rest *Atoms*, form'd,
 Is, as the Poet pleases, *chill'd* or *warm'd*:
 The warring Skies receiv'd thy Pray'rs that Night,
 For all my Spirits were refin'd and light.
 The *haggard Spleen* was driven from my Breast,
 And I with smiling *Chearfulness* was bless'd,
 Tho' Nature seem'd, as if she dying lay,
 And trembling fear'd the last tremendous Day,
 Yet fearless I the angry Clouds survey'd,
 Thy friendly Wishes hastened to my Aid:
 A sweet Composure on my Eye-lids fell,
 And all Things in my tranquil Soul were well.
 But, e'er I slept, I offer'd up my Pray'r,
 That Heav'n my *Poet*, and my *Friend* wou'd spare,
 For he was worthy of its utmost Care. }
 Oh! let the *Dull*, said I, from hence remove,
 Who know not how to *sing*, nor how to *love*,
 But with my *Praises* I shou'd *Chidings* join,
 Thy *Body* is inform'd of our *Design*.
 Did I not tell thee it a Share wou'd claim,
 And strive to damp our everlasting Flame?
 And CLIO has a *Rival* now I find,
 Who knows the softest Secrets of thy *Mind*:
 Thou art not an *Inire Angel* yet,
 But hast a *little* of the *Serpent's Wit*:
 A Day will come, thou wilt be all refin'd,
 Thy *Body* as *immortal* as thy *Mind*;

Then near thy heav'nly *Form* my Soul shall stay,
 And pass with thee the never-ending Day,
 A little longer, tedious Life will end,
 And we like Stars together shall ascend:
 Or shou'd I lose thee in the shining Throng,
 I soon should find thee, by thy deathless Song.
 Sure a *peculiar Brightness* thou wilt wear,
 From all the sparkling *Crowd* of Poets there.
 Sing on, and shorten Life's insipid Race,
 I long to meet thee in a nobler Place,
 Where *Spirits* of our *Ranks* appear in *State*,
 And *those* of lower Merit *humbly* wait.
 I fear you will this haughty Notion chide,
 And think it tastes too much of earthly Pride:
 Thy manly Breast, with brighter Virtues fir'd,
 Will scorn a Thought Ambition has inspir'd.
 Oh! guide me, to my Weakness be a Friend,
 And learn my trembling *Pinions* to ascend:
 The *World* and *Youth*, and *Flattery* pursue,
 But I shall conquer if inform'd by you.
 Shew me the Dangers that lie scatter'd round,
 And lead me safe through the enchanted Ground.
 But cease to think thy noble *Mind* undone,
 Tho' Nature put thy *Body* loosely on,
 If 'tis *unworthy* of the *brighter Guest*,
 Which warms thy *Verse*, and sparkles in thy *Breast*,
 I can forgive thy uningaging *Clay*,
 Suppose it even what thy Numbers say.

Happy art thou from vain Address secur'd,
 And all the Pains, poor CLIO has indur'd;
 The Praise of Fools, which still has been my Fate,
 Which I avoid, and of all Torments hate.
 Left to the *World*, to *Solitude* I ran,
 To dress my *infant Mind*, and rest from Man;
 In Letters, now and then, they will appear,
 And, in that Form, I can endure them here.
 But *thine* have all my *softest Moments* shar'd,
 And to my *grateful Bosom* still *preferr'd*:
 Increase my Number; I shall never tire,
 With reading what thy Passion does inspire.
 What would'st thou more? — thy Numbers I ap-
prove,

I like my self — and give thee *leave to love*;
 But, Oh! incroaching *Mortal* as thou art,
 Let still thy *Spirit* have the *greatest* Part:
 You may admire me, *all the Ways* you can,
 Give me the *Lover*, but keep back the *Man*:
 Yet even *him*, perhaps, my Eyes cou'd bear,
 Because *thy Soul*, (which is my *Friend*,) lives *there*.
 Let CLIO still her *Empire*, there, maintain,
 Sweet are her *Laws*, and gentle is her *Reign*,
 She shall not tyrannize, nor thou complain.

I just again have read thy Letters o'er,
 And therefore can indure my own no more:

From whence do all thy soft Expressions come,
 Sure not from *Love*, for *Love*, you know, is *dumb*;
 But *such a Passion* may I never prove,
 Give me a *speaking* and a *writing Love*,
 One, that can with *such Eloquence* persuade,
 And *justify the Kindness* of a *Maid*.

CLIO.



TO



TO
CLIO,
OF

*Whose Recovery STREPHON was just then in-
form'd; wherein he tells her of his LOVE.*



IN this small Time, so great my Passion's
grown,
It leaves no Minute of my Time, my own;
My softest Thoughts on CLIO's Lines em-
ploy'd,

Still find out somewhat new to be enjoy'd:
Over and over I thy Verses read,
Still Sick'ning with a Flame, which still I feed:
So parch'd in Fevers drowthy Wretches lie,
And drink they will, tho', when they drink, they die.

As sleeple's Men for fatal Opiates long,
And future Grievs for present Ease prolong,
So, when I read, two Passions I sustain,
'Tis always Pleasure, but 'tis always Pain;

82 STREPHON to CLIO.

When now I recollect thy Thoughts divine,
 I wish my Soul as *purify'd* as thine;
 Yet heav'nly Thoughts, that human Passions move,
 Tempt me to venture, and reveal my Love:
 Dropping the Spirit, I'd the Man commend,
 Fair wou'd I *please*, but *shudder* to offend.
 Pleas'd with the Images of Thought at least,
 I *nurse* and *fondle* them within my Breast:
 Then with the borrow'd Wings of Love I fly,
 To that *green Bow'r*, where CLIO us'd to lie,
 And make *Imagination* be my Eye. }
 By *Fancy's* Force, I see my lovely Maid,
 Reclin'd, and sleeping on her grassy Bed;
 Gently I breath amidst the gladden'd Air,
 That plays among the Lab'rins of her Hair,
 And bid it softly whisper in her Ear:
 Oh! wake not — only dream that STREPHON's here.
 Then, from thy blushing Lips, a Kiss I steal,
 And beg of the next balmy *Vital Gale*, }
 Which to thy panting Breasts thy Lungs exhale,
 To carry to thy Heart a *Tide* of Heat,
 And teach thy Pulse the *March* of Love to beat.
 But *speechless*, *motionless*, the Fair-one lies,
 Sleep seals her Fancy, as it seals her Eyes.
 That *Silence*, in her Sleep, destroys my Peace,
 As *Speaking* did before, but *diff'rent* Ways. }
 Oh! that she ne'er had spoke, or ne'er would cease! }

Ah!

Ah! then (cry I) she *dreams not*, lovely Dame!
 She *sleeps* — 'tis I, tho' *broad awake*, that *dream*.
 Oh! that my CLIO did but dream so too!
 What now is only *Thought*, would soon be *true*.

THIS said, I just was yielding to *Despair*,
 But thy last Letter dissipated *Care*,
 There, there you say — my Numbers you approve,
 You like yourself — and *give me leave to love*.
Leave? — O ye CUPIDS bear the *Tidings* high,
 As the bright Orb that circles round the Sky,
 To distant Worlds my plighted Love proclaim,
 To distant Nations her dear Accents name:
 She gives me *Leave* — O sound those Words again!
 And sound them, 'till the lovely Maid I gain!

STREPHON.



TO



T O
STREPHON.

My FRIEND,



ULL Business, that came as unexpected as it was unwelcome, call'd me from Home for two or three Days, and has fatigued me extremely. At my Return I was repaid with your ingaging Letters; but at the same Time I receiv'd one from an only Brother in *Spain*, in which he invites me thither. The passionate Desire I have to see him, after seven Years Absence, will, I fear, persuade me to venture; yet I assure you there is nothing belonging to my native Country, (where we both intended shortly to return) I should grieve to leave more, than your tender Correspondence, which affords me so much Pleasure: But I must (should I go) entreat a Continuance of it; it will help to make a foreign Climate pleasant to me, and I shall take those Lines you already favour'd me with, as some of the most valuable Things I have: I believe it will be some Months yet e'er I go; therefore let me in them hear from you
O.T. very

CLIO to STREPHON.

85

very often, and do all you can to persuade me, that my Memory shall not die with you in my Absence, which perhaps may be two or three Years. I go to a Brother, who is much dearer to me than my self, whose Absence has been one of my greatest Shocks in Life, and help'd with the Murder of the best Father in the World, to spoil my little Genius. I wish, my Friend, you could see this dear Relation of mine, who, I must say, is the most perfect of his kind, a fine Person, with fine Sense, and the greatest good Nature. But then you would say CLIO did not deserve your Notice: However, she is ever, and ever will be,

Your Most Faithful

Obliged Friend,

CLIO.



T O



Memory itself not the worth you in my service which
 perhaps may be two or three Years. I go to a Brother
 who is much kinder to me than my self whole Affairs
 has been one of my greatest Shares in Life and help
 with the Murder of the best Father in the World, for
 my dear Mother, I think you could not
 den a Vision of mine, who I must say, is the most per-
 fect of his kind, a fine Person, with fine Scars, and the
 most good Nature. And that you would say, I could

*Just after she tells me she gives me Leave to LOVE,
 which she expresses in the finest of VERSES,
 tells me in a LETTER, just after, that she's go-
 ing to a Brother in Spain.*



WE heard of Merchants lost by Fortune's
 Spight;

And Mem'ry now presents them to my
 Sight. —

— Ay, there's the Coast — methinks they smile
 to see

Th'indulgent Surface of yon curling Sea,
 The gentle Winds, with their propitious Gales,
 Just to their Wish inspiring all the Sails,
 Of Ships rich laden, which had long been toss'd
 In Boist'rous Storms, and given o'er for lost.
 Their Shouts run echoing round the hollow Shore,
 Each thinks he hugs his Bags of INDIAN Oar;

Blesses his Stars, and cries, that Fortune's Hand,
 Their Wealth insur'd, and brought their Ships to Land.
 But Fortune's various *Goddess* cry'd — not so —
 And bad the *blustering* God of *Winds* to blow;
 Obedient *ÆOLUS* unlocks his Caves,
 Sends *Winds* to *drive* the *Ships*, and *fret* the *Waves*;
 This Way and that impell'd, the *Billows* roar,
 And bear them, in a Moment, far from Shore;
 In vain they murmur, and in vain they pray,
 The louder Storms drown all they have to say;
 Deaf are the *Seas* to their unpitied Cries,
Winds upon *Winds*, and *Waves* on *Waves* arise,
 And hide the *sinking* *Pines* from weeping Eyes.

How nat'ral 'tis to feel a Wretch his Moan,
 When small Reflection makes the Case one's own?

RICHER were I, than those that share the *East*,
 If thy soft Form my clasping Arms possess'd:
 On Seas of *Troubles* has my Mind been tofs'd,
 Long sought, thro' *Risques* of being ever lost;
 Thy Arms its *Harbour*, and thy Smiles its *Coast*:
 Sometimes in *Hope*, but oft'ner in *Despair*,
 'Till you at length inclin'd to hear my *Pray'r*.

Just as to *home-row'd* Barks, th'*increasing* *Shores*,
 'Fet forth, and seem to meet the lab'ring Oars,
 So tow'rd's thy *Bosom* did I *swiftly* steer,
 The *Way* seem'd *shorten'd*, and the Sky was clear;

You

You seem'd approaching — Nature's self was gay,
 And I serener than a Summer's Day;
 But Destiny's Black Clouds still lurk'd behind,
 My Stars grew cruel, just as you grew kind:
 Me! frustrate Hopes convey to Dennis' Plain,
 And Fortune snatches thee away to Spain.

YET hear my CLIO, thy best Friend advise;
 [Tho' thy Friend's Counsel melts thy Lover's Eyes]
 Since thou hast got an only Brother there,
 Wife like his Sister, like his Sister fair,
 Since he has sole Possession of thy Mind,
 Which might possess the Hearts of all Mankind,
 Might all, that can its lov'd Acquaintance boast,
 Render its Slaves, but STREPHON still the most,
 Go — yes thou shalt — my Hand shall be my Foe,
 My Hand shall lead thee, since thou'rt bent to go,
 And if base Fortune were less harsh to me,
 I'd the Companion of that Voyage be.
 But as to Fortune in this earthly State,
 My Name's writ backward in the Books of Fate;
 Go — share the Pleasures of a Brother's Breast,
 And leave a Lover void of Joy and Rest,
 For me no matter — CLIO will be blest.
 To some dark lonely Cave I can retire,
 Weep away Life, and with a Groan expire.

STREPHON.

In



In Answer to

TWO LETTERS

STREPHON sends me :

*In One he tells me his Passion is increas'd, in the
other advises me to go to Spain.*



I'M lost in Thought — which I should
most commend,

The Lover, the Philosopher, or Friend,

They all delight so much, they all so high
ascend.

Rarely those Titles do so well agree,

The pleasing Wonder is all new to me,

A thousand diff'rent Virtues shine in thee.

My Friendship you deserve so many Ways,

Thy tender Passion, and enchanting Lays,

Inspire my grateful Song, to chaunt thy Praise,

Pre:

90 CLIO to STREPHON.

Preferring CLIO's Int'rest to thy own,
 Is such a Compliment I have not known.
 Thy kind Philosophy I do approve,
 Nor think thy Offer an *Affront* to Love,
 For I by *common* Methods *never* move.
 Yes, I will go —— you further my Design,
 My Soul grows strong, while it communes with *thine* :
 For *Friend*, nor *Country* will I much repine.
 Stay but a while, I'm ready to attend;
 Thy gen'rous *Arm*, and faithful *Counsel* lend :
 This little *Bark*, Oh! teach me how to guide,
 Far from the Rocks of *Levity* or *Pride*,
 For, Oh! I go, where I must think to find,
Things of thy *Ferm*, *without* thy *God-like* Mind.
 Still lively Youth upon my *Temples* plays,
 Tho' I to banish it, have had *Allays*;
 Which if I had but *Courage* to repeat,
 Thy *Tears* wou'd flow, and hapless CLIO's meet,
 A *Murder'd Father*! —— Nature here expires
 Faint on the Rack, and drops its softest *Fires* :
 For ever does the *Prospect* fresh appear,
 And, while I write, *Blood* crimson's ev'ry *Tear*.
 Oh! have thy manly *Heart-Strings* e'er been try'd,
 Has *Sorrow* dragg'd them *hard* on ev'ry *Side*?
 Has no *kind Thought* presented to revive
 The breaking *Springs* of *Life*, and keep thy *Hope* alive?
 Have e'er thy lagging *Veins* forgot to move,
 Been dead to *Musick*, *Wine*, and *gentle Love*?

CLIO to STREPHON:

91

Oh! say, hast thou sustain'd this deadly Woe?
Our equal Souls shall then acquainted grow.
And sure thou hast some mighty Sorrow known,
Some bitter Draught has in thy Cup been thrown,
'Tis by thy Numbers fraught with *Sadness* shown.
Sweet Melancholy in thy Verse appears,
But, Oh! how graceful are her charming Tears!
Each *Sigh* that mingles with her *moving* Words,
Each *tuneful Stop* a Harmony affords;
But yet be *still*, in happy Silence rest,
Nor let my Parting pain your gen'rous Breast,
Cease to remember CLIO, and be blest.
Let *partial Fate* be cruel to thy Name,
Since it is written in the *Book of Fame*;
To whatsoever Nation I'm convey'd,
My Poet shall be still immortal made;
I will thy *Merit* and thy *Lays* rehearse,
And charm the witty *Spaniard* with thy Verse;
Tho' skill'd in Love, they humbly shall submit
To thy superior *Tenderness* and *Wis.*
Spain shall not still her nobler Lovers boast,
Nor always triumph o'er our *frozen Coast*;
Far from the *Sun*, the Lord of sprightly Fires,
BRITANNIA lies; but she has soft Desires:
The God of Love flies here with flower Wing,
But yet her *Martial Sons* can love and sing.
For here *Bays*, *Laurels*, and the *Myrtle* spring.

Thy

Oh

92 CLIO to STREPHON.

Thy Numbers are so *tender* and so *bright*,
 They shall appear, and do thy Nation *Right*.
 But while on *Fancy's* Wing I fly to *Spain*,
 A mournful Thought recalls me back again;
 Thou wilt thy *absent* CLIO's Eyes forget,
 But I *mistake*, thou hast *not* seen them yet:
 Soon all thy soft *Ideas* thou wilt lose,
 That *fire* thy *Soul*, and *animate* thy *Muse*:
 The Wheel of Fortune may its Humour show,
 And, often turning round, may cast thee low.
 Wilt thou remember *absent* CLIO then,
 And know the *Picture* of her Soul again,
 Which she has sent thee painted with her *Pen*?
 I *hear* thy *sighing* Heart *affirm* it will,
 My *Pain* is *lost*, and all my *Fears* are *still*.
 Oh! what shall I return thy soft Regard,
 Be everlasting Friendship thy Reward,
 Such as thy Soul so ardently demands;
 Whose truest Value STREPHON understands.

CLIO.

NON



ON THE

Following LINES

IN

CLIO's LETTER.



'M lost in *Thought*, which I should most commend,

The *Lover*, the *Philosopher*, or *Friend*.

Preferring CLIO's Int'rest to thy own,

Is such a Compliment I have not known.

Thy kind *Philosophy* I do approve,

Nor think thy Offer an Affront to Love;

For I by common Methods never move.

Yes, I will go — You further my Design, &c.

 In happy Silence rest,

Nor let my Parting pain your gen'rous Breast,

Cease to remember CLIO, and be blest'd.

STRE-

STREPHON's Complaint Continued:



HEN (cruel!) you will go! you will!
 you say,
 And artful *Blames* upon my *Counsel* lay,
 As if that *drove*, nay, *posted* you away.

JUDGE, judge ye Heav'ns, Oh! lend an equal Ear,
 Hear this evading, this upbraiding Fair:
 What? if one Moment from my Love I stole,
 And gave cold Friendship leave to sway my Soul,
 If, out of Season *wise*, and dully good,
 My *Judgment* counsell'd, what my *Will* withstood;
 Should she, *unfairly witty*, take *that* Part,
 And play my *erring Head* against my *Heart*?
 Soon, and too true my Prophecy will prove,
 That on my *Ruin* she'll her *Sense* improve,
 Her *Wit* I find's an *Enemy* to *Love*.
 Talk then no more to me of *Fame* and *Bays*,
 Nor freeze my Mind with chilly Friendship's Praise;

They're

STREPHON to CLIO.

95

They're *Gigams* to the Love at which I aim,
 You gave me leave, and I the Licence claim,
 Preach not up strain'd Philosophy to me,
 Thou little SOPHISTER in Poetry,
 That in *false* Arguments dost *boast* an *Art*,
 And mak'st a very *Play-Thing* of my *Heart*:
 In *Love*, not *witty* let us be, but *true*,
 That's *Death* to me, that is a *Fest* to you.

YET let thy Conscience listen if it can,
 And own the *changing Maid* and *constant Man*;
 That I did bid thee go——I do allow,
 And as a *Friend*, perhaps should do it now,
 But, as a *Lover*, in the foll'wing Lines,
 How do I *grudge* what *Amity* resigns?
 Did you not plainly by broad Hints perceive,
 That, when I said I'd come to take my Leave,
 I meant I'd come to beg a kind Reprieve.
 Don't I there tell thee, if we were to part,
 'Twould burst the *vital Strings* that hold my Heart?
 That I must to some lonely Cave retire,
 Weep Life away, and with a Groan expire!
 All this you read, you knew; and was it kind,
 To say you'd go and leave your *Swain* behind!
 Her farewell Words (poor STREPHON) thou must hear!
 Be steel'd to Grief, which thou art doom'd to bear!

Parting

STREPHON to CLIO.

Parting she says, — In happy Silence rest,
 Nor let my Parting pain your gen'rous Breast,
 Cease to remember CLIO, and be bless'd:
 What is this less, than if she was to say,
 Speaking her colour'd Words a plainer Way,
 I'll push thee pale and dying from my Breast,
 And tell thee *smiling* — in the Grave there's Rest.

Thus still Complains thy

STREPHON.





T O
STREPHON.



E T CLIO thy complaining Heart appease,
The Hand that wounded, shall restore thy
Ease;

Receive it, STREPHON, from my grateful Pen,
Lift up thy Head, and shine in Verse again;
CLIO! a deathless Friendship still retains,
A Wonder and a Passion for thy Strains:
Sweet is the Harmony each Verse affords,
As falling Riv'lets, or as warbling Birds,
The Morning Lark, and Ev'ning Nightingale,
Are hoarse to thee — Renew the pleasing Tale.
I! who am plac'd so far in Sense below,
In fainter Notes my Gratitude will show;
But, where the Beauties of my Numbers fail,
Thy Love shall stoop to raise me, and prevail.
Thou hast a Fondness for my little Sense,
'Tis all that I can plead in its Defence:

98 CLIO to STREPHON.

Oh! had I not a Friend within thy Breast,
 How wou'd my artless Song endure the Test!
 The gentle Lover I must still retain,
 Or ne'er appear, in Poetry again.
 'Tis necessary you should *love me still*,
 And my prophetick Heart divines, *you will*:
 But give me *leave* to tell you, in *what Way*,
 Hard is the Task, but STREPHON will obey;
 Be all thy Wishes temperate and cool,
 But STREPHON whispers, who can love by *Rule*?
 CLIO can to that *Miracle* pretend,
 And knows to *practice* what she does commend,
 In happy Order, all my *Passions* move,
 For CLIO's a *Philosopher* in Love:
 Where *Love*, and *Form*, and *Fortune* have conspir'd,
 'To make the charming Orator admir'd;
 When *dying Eyes* and *Vows* of *ardent Truth*,
 Have been address'd to my *defenceless Youth*,
 And I my self a kind of Pleasure found,
 For Vanity has gladden'd at the Sound,
 Ev'n then I fled from the enchanted Ground.
 Let me not boast too far: I felt a Pain,
 In going, and a Wish to turn again;
 So much of Folly has my Bosom known,
 But steel'd with Time, it is a *Stoick* grown.
 Lovers, and Friends, those only Joys below,
 If I thy CLIO's Inclinations know,
 And flying Youth itself, she could forego.

CLIO TO STREPHON.

99

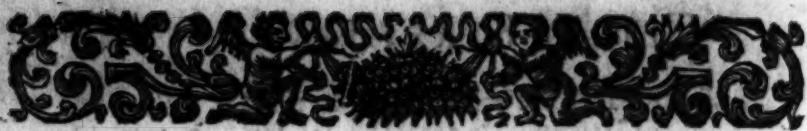
Half of my Sands are ebb'd, what do remain,
Fall when they will, are scarcely worth my Pain:
But when the solitary last appears,
And CLIO's few dear Friends are bath'd in Tears,
It will her last, and only Glory be,
That once her Name was lov'd, and sung by thee.

CLIO.



F 2

AN



An Answer to
CLIO's Last LETTER;

W H E R E

*To heal my Complaints, she offers me Friendship
instead of Love; and on a Report that CLIO,
(when she gave me leave to love) was married
at that very Time, or actually very near it.*



H E N from a Youth some haughty fair
one flies,

Long, with obdurate Pride, his Court
denies,

Love-sick at length upon his Bed he lies.

In vain learn'd Doctors trifle with his Heart,
Their Druggs he baffles, and disowns their Art:
His Vitals ling'ring with the hidden Blow,
He drops a Wonder to the Shades below:
But, timely if she comes, that caus'd his Pain,
As much a Wonder, from his Bed the Swain
Springs to her Arms, and he is well again.

In

In thy last Letter, *thou* prescrib'st with *Art*,
 And only playd'st the skilful Doctor's Part.
 Thou say'st thou'lt my complaining Heart appease,
 Thy Hand, that wounded, should restore my Ease.
 Not so — Not so — Two pow'rful Hands you boast,
 Each Hand can make — One only raise a Ghost.
 Alternate thro' thy soft Epistles move
 The Hand of Friendship, and the Hand of Love;
 And, when *this* wounds, *that* can't the Wound remove.
 Why then, when I the Wounds of Love endure,
 Does — Friendship's Hand administer the Cure?
 You'd have each Wish be temperate and cool,
 Boast that You can, and bid Me love by Rule.
 Can Warmth and Coldness in one Breast agree?
 In You I find they can, but not in Me.
 One Swain, while I thy cooler Friendship prove,
 Basks in the warmer Sunshine of thy Love.
 Yet where's the need to treat me with Disdain,
 Thy Slave insulting whilst he drags thy Chain?
 Tell me (proud Victor) why this fresh Surprise?
 Why am I told of Vows and dying Eyes?
 Of ardent Love by some soft Swain profess'd,
 That rais'd a painful Pleasure in thy Breast?
 It was to say (is that my Pleasing Pain!)
 She, that so lov'd, could never love again;
 That kind to others, to my self alone
 Her furnish'd Bosom is a Stoick grown.

ARTFUL Enslaver of my freeborn Mind,
 Yet, in *one* Thing, I'll own thy *Art* was kind:
 Thou would'st not dash me from the Top of all
 My lifted Hopes, but mollify'd the Fall.
 Full well you knew, I thought your Breast my own,
 There sat my Heart secure as on its Throne.
 Your *changing Thoughts*, that were my *hidden Foes*,
 Would not too *quick* their *promis'd Heir* depose,
 But the *sad Secret* they by *Halves* disclose.
 You, like some *subtle Minister* of State,
 To make me *Little*, as you made me *Great*,
 Drew me by *slow Degrees* to abdicate.

THOU saidst thy *Int'rest* call'd thee cross the Main,
 And a *lov'd Brother* courted thee to SPAIN.
 I *innocently* sacrific'd my Rest;
 Happy in *this* alone that *thou'dst* be bless'd:
 Too true, I did *intreat* thee to be gone,
 And simply unawares my self *dethrone*:
 But you, much conscious of some inward Guilt,
 Knowing thy STREPHON's Blood must sure be spilt,
 To feed my Sorrows, and make Death prevail,
 Told of thy *murder'd Sire* a *doleful Tale*.
 Then *crafty* ask'd, If I could undergo
 Some *heavy Weight* of vast *impending Woe*,
 And so *prepar'd* me for the *coming Blow*.

Thou

Thou hint'st at length, to finish thy Design,
 Love was another's Share, and Death is mine,
 This kinder from another's Mouth had came,
 And not from *thine*, that rais'd the fatal Flame:
 You, of all Nymphs, might this *sad Story* spare
 To hapless, faithful STREPHON's trembling Ear.
 Ill News has many Feet, and comes too soon,
 And it has brought me Word that I'm undone.
 If what I've heard (O CLIO) should be true,
 Me have the Fates strove *rightly* to undo,
 And *Wis* was most *severely* plac'd in You. }
 I've heard (I wish I had not Ears to hear,
 Or else more Patience, what I've heard, to bear :)
 I've heard, by Heav'ns! I have from strong Report,
 You *Wedded*, when you gave *me* leave to Court.
 You *did not*, *could not*, 'tis *adul'trate* News,
 Credit I did, and I do *still* refuse;
 Bright was the *Dame* that did those Tidings bear,
 And if *Maids* can be *false*, that are *so fair*, }
 There *may'nt* — *Yes!* — *may* be Room for my Despair. }

Was *this* thy *friendly Parting* from thy Swain?
 Was *this* the *Voyage* you would make to SPAIN?
 Was it for *such* an *Absence* STREPHON mourn'd?
 And is thy *Brother* to a *Husband* turn'd?

If it be *true*, dear *Blaster* of my Youth,
 Tho' you must *blush*, yet own the *stabbing Truth*:

For should I live, perhaps, another Day,
 I somewhat *harsh* of thy *dear* Name might say;
 Strike *dumb* that *Madness*; and, to lay me dead,
 Tell me some happy Swain enjoys thy Bed:
 Priding in Truth, I'll my last Hours employ,
 Smile in the Pangs of Death, and wish thee Joy.

STREPHON.



CLIO



Sunday Night, just
going to Bed,

CLIO to STREPHON, H A V I N G

Sent me twenty Prose Letters to excuse that Sally of Passion, into which he bursts forth in his last Letter of Verses, upon a false Report that a Lady gave out, of my being married.



A M but this Moment return'd from PARIS, after a long Absence from this my delightful Retirement, and haste to assure you, how agreeable your Penitence is to me, and that I forgive you with more Pleasure than I punish'd you. For 'twas with the utmost Reluctancy I lost your Commerce. It was the greatest Liberty I ever allow'd myself in Life; but even *that*, you see, I could resign, when it grew inconvenient. I again indulge my Heart with your Letters, while they continue so innocent and ingaging. Your Honour and your Sense will always hereafter regulate them fit for the Taste of CLIO, and then she will think no more of that little Flight of Passion, in which Wit had the

least Share, and even *Love itself* is not inspiring without it. I wish not your *Passion*, for me (gentle STREPHON) so great as your *Genius*, nor do I find any tyrannical Pleasure, either in your *Adoration*, or your *Illness*. I intreat it may never injure your *Health*, which is of much Value to me. Let me imagine that Part of your Letter a well-bred Fiction — My *Repose* requires it. For I should be truly uneasy to give you one real Pain — Live and refine the World — be gay, and favour CLIO with your Remembrance — as the greatest Compliment you can pay me, send me an Express of your Recovery. I wish for nothing more, and take it very ill, you would pretend to die without my Leave, which I can never grant you, while you love me in such a respectful Manner. Every Happiness attend you: I think you ought to esteem this a very high one, that I once more assure you, tho' after so much Hurry, and being in Haste to go to Bed,

That I am still

Your Faithful Friend,

CLIO.

STRE-



Paris, Monday Four o'Clock
in the Afternoon,
sick in Bed.

STREPHON to CLIO.



ASK me not, CLIO, If I'm *well*, or *ill*,
If still you ask me, I must answer still
Well, if *you please*, and *Dying*, if *you will*. }

STREPHON.

P. S. No Evil comes single: Just as I incurr'd *your Displeasure*, a heavy *Stroke of Fate* reach'd me as to my *private Fortunes*, and both have touch'd me so *sensibly*, that I *fear* I shall really *die* with a *broken Heart*. But, if I might have, once more, the *Leave of seeing you*, (for the former, till you grant a fresh one, I *fear* I have *forfeited*, by being *indiscreetly extravagant* in my *Love*, and my *Fears of losing you*.) I think I can promise my self a *Recovery*, both from my *Indisposition of Mind*, and also of *Body*. Since the *Fault* proceeded from a *Height*
of

of *Kindness*, you will, to speak in the most religious Terms of the Country we are in, be *kind enough* to grant the *Penitent Lover* a *plenary Indulgence* and *Absolution*, under *your own Hand*. But let it be in *Verse*, for, to use your own Beautiful Expression, *Verse* is *healing* to the Mind.

*Oh! then the sacred Remedy apply,
And pleas'd I'll live, if not, with Pleasure die.*

STREPHON.



CLIO

CLIO to STREPHON.



SOULS, that by *Mind* and *Genius* are al-
ly'd,
By *Sympathy* and *Inclinations* ty'd,
For one another mourn — forgive my
Pride.

Still live, and living sing to keep my Fame,
For Time and Years will murder CLIO's Name;
Unless thy Verse their Woundings countermand,
And I be sav'd by thy superior Hand.
Not SACHARISSA had immortal prov'd,
If WALLER had not sung, and had not lov'd;
Those Eyes, which aw'd the World, are sunk and dead,
But glitter fresh, when his bright Lines are read.
No Charms of Beauty everlasting prove,
Unless embalm'd with Poetry and Love.
We see the Lustre of the NUT BROWN MAID
In CHAUCER's Numbers to our Eyes convey'd;
And new adorn'd by our excelling PRY'R,
She shines upon us with redoubled Fire.
Such are these Eyes of mine — for STREPHON's Song
Is sweet as theirs, as arduous, and as strong,
Can make mine equal, and preserve as long.

Let

CLIO to STREPHON.

Let others guess my Merit by thy Strain,
 I ask no more — then CLIO will be vain.
 I grieve that ought should wound that gentle Mind
 To me so pleasing, to my Muse so kind,
 Whose soft Discourses have delightful made
 This Corner of the World, and blest my Shade.
 But sing again, and all thy Strength oppose
 To rigid Fortune, and her weighty Blow,
 Nor talk of dying thus — for that would be
 A Loss to all Mankind, a Wrong to me:
 If CLIO, o'er thy Soul a Right may boast,
 In this important Thing obey her most,
 And, when thy Sorrows will afford thee Leave,
 Stray hither, that we may together grieve.



From the Plain of
 St. Dennis.

CLIO.



STRE-

STREPHON to CLIO.

 OUR last Letter was indeed a Cordial to my Hopes — I am very much recover'd and reviv'd; but my Genius still retains too great a Damp upon it from my Afflictions, to be able to answer you in Verse — Before it can be brighten'd up again, I must derive a new Inspiration from the *Sight* of you; that, indeed, according to the Description which I have often heard of your Person, and the Idea which I have often conceiv'd of your Discourse, would supply the very Defect of Nature, and make a Poet of me, if I never had been one before. I long to exceed all the Things I could ever yet write my self, by having an *Interview* with you for my inspiring Subject — Grief shall then be *forgot*, and I will be nothing but *Joy* — *Dullness* shall then be laid aside, and I will rise up even into a kind of *Rapture* and *laudable Enthusiasm*. Tho' now I can scarce write *Prose* tolerably well, (so much can Affliction depress the Genius of the most lively Man,) yet then, when I have that *Interview* with you for my Subject, I will not only rise above myself, but also attempt to rival the greatest Masters in the Art of Love, where they address themselves to the absolute Mistresses of their Hearts.

112 STREPHON to CLIO.

I think *what* I shall want in *Genius*, will be *so much more* than made up by the *Subject*, that I shall not (in that one Poem on our *Interview*) be afraid of being compared with *TIBULLUS*, *CATULLUS*, *PROPERTIUS*, *AUSONIUS*, or even the great *OVIN* himself, or of being thought a *Writer inferior* to the *best* of them. In the mean Time I have sent you a Poem I wrote about a Year ago, which I intituled *Buckingham-House*: It was also put into *Latin*, and written to shew some *French Gentlemen*, that all the *finest Palaces* were not *confn'd* to a *small Distance* from *PARIS*. I desire your Opinion, if I have done some Justice to that fine Seat. I will speedily wait on you (since I have your Leave again) to know your Sentiments concerning it from your own Mouth — I am, my best Friend, and my dearest Physician,

Your Recovering,

And Grateful Patient,

STREPHON.

TO



TO
STREPHON,
ON HIS
POEM,

Intituled

BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE.



HIS lofty Pile unenvying I survey'd,
Gods plac'd above, and Beauties in its
Shade,

Till by thy Verse it was immortal made.

I only wish to be a BUCKINGHAM,

Whilst you in deathless Numbers sing his Name.

Nor does my Heart with so much Fondness beat

For his high Titles, or his lovely Seat,

As for thy Bays, and ever-flowing Wit.

Thy,

Thy Fancy can a finer View create,
 And Groves, and Birds, and Streams her Pleasure wait,
 Even the Deities with Transport gaze,
 And form'd of Marble soften at thy Lays.
 Then what Impressions SHEFFIELD's Soul must find!
 A Poet too, of *thy own noble kind*.
 Some fine Idea happily express'd
 Glows on his Muse, and marks it from the rest.
 Methinks in *thine* a *Kindred-Grandeur* shines
 Related to his *Soul*, and to his *Lines*:
 Youth will reanimate his chilly Veins,
 And wake again at thy inspiring Strains.
 APOLLO ne'er with greater Joy survey'd
 The shining Turrets rise, o'er which he play'd,
 Than SHEFFIELD the Productions of thy Mind,
 Where manly Sense to Harmony is join'd.

" Joyful, he cries, the Age, I leave, will see
 " A Youth, that knows to strike the Lure like me.
 " Receive the Chaplet, which my Temples bound,
 " And be thy Muse with all my Beauties crown'd,
 " Not I my self have greater Pow'r to save
 " The Poets Bays, or Laurels of the Brave,
 " The Skill of Architects the Painter's Art,
 " Have to the finish'd Structure done their Part,
 " But, oh! thy Muse, superior to the rest,
 " Its Guardian Angel sings its Wonders best.

" These

- " These Walls by cruel Time may suffer Wrong,
" And only shine in thy immortal Song:
" Not *Coopers-Hill* shall e'er survive its *Fame*,
" Nor is it sung with a *diviner Flame*.
" These *Trees* may sink, my *Pleasure* and my *Care*,
" And *SHEFFIELD's* Name, which now they proudly
 bear,
" Be trod with *vulgar Feet*, and perish *there*.
" The *Prospect* lost, the *Limes* all *humble* laid,
" Not all their *Gods* can guard their *fav'rite Shade*:
" Some Foreign Prince, savage and unpolite,
" May wound the Grove, beneath whose *Shade* I write;
" Where are the *Branches*, once so sweet and young,
" Where *OVID* sigh'd his *Flame*, and *VIRGIL* sung?
" Yet *Time* thy *Verse*, and *all* its *Charms* shall spare,
" And *SHEFFIELD's* Name shall bloom for ever *there*.
" *PHOEBUS*, the God of *Musick* and of *Thoughts*,
" Shall guard the *Wonders*, he himself has wrought:
" When his fierce *Steeds* drive to the last great *Day*,
" And o'er the melting *Clouds* bound swift away;
" When from their gilded *Harness* they shall fly,
" And bear to Earth the *Light'ning* of the *Sky*;
" Then *common Verses*, with each *Poet's* Name,
" *Expiring* shall assist the *mighty Flame*:
" *Thine* shall *unwounded* be convey'd above,
" And teach the *Angels* how to sing and love.

CLIO.

THE



Plain of St. Dennis.

THE
INTERVIEW,
Being in the
SPRING,
JUST

*After STREPHON had been very much afflicted
with Illness, and some private Disappointments
in LIFE.*

STREPHON to CLIO.



H! CLIO, whilst before *thy Feet I bend,*
Smile, and thy Poet's Fancy shall ascend.
Thou canst drive *Winter* from the Northern
Coast,
Hasten the Summer, and unbind the *Frost.*

See!

STREPHON to CLIO:

117

See! the Birds leave their Nests to hear thy Voice,
 All Nature gladdens, and MY CARES rejoice.
 The Gloom falls off, with which my Soul was prest,
 And Love and Poetry elate my Breast.
 Oh! ev'ry Passion is with Wonder fraught,
 Life of my Lays! and Goddess of my Thought!
 VIRGIL and HOMER on thy Temples shine,
 Dart me their Beauties, whilst I gaze on thine.

YE studious Wretches, throw your Rules aside,
 Learning creeps slow to Fame; — a tedious Guide!
 Trust me this Charmer has a nobler Art,
 And makes a Poet — when she wounds a Heart.
 Hasten then ye Toilers, and this Wonder prove,
 To be immortal, you must learn to love.
 Fame waits upon her, and assur'd Success
 Attends the Numbers SHE vouchsafes to bless.
 PRIOR may boast the learned Minds to move,
 But CLIO brings me Souls that know to love.
 The Reader's Eyes HER Triumph shall confess,
 And overflow with STREPHON's Tenderness;
 Nor Age nor Dullness can HER Lover find,
 Whilst HER Eyes wing his Blood and cheer his Mind.

THE World shall wonder by what new found Art
 I baffled Death — 'tis CLIO in my Heart.

THY

THY *Converse* can the *Scene of Life* prolong,
 For *liquid Gold* pours flowing from thy Song,
 Which feeds the *Soul*, and keeps its *Spirits strong*.
 Thou too immortal by the *Muses Care*,
 Shalt shine in *Dust*, and be for ever fair.
Angels shall guard it, and thy *Lover's Song*,
 From *vulgar Feet*, and ev'ry common *Wrong*.

YE *Peevish Beauties*, who but shine an *Hour*,
 Envy to *Death* superior CLIO's Pow'r;
 See *livid Malice* paints your *bonsted Cheeks*,
 Your *Lovers shudder*, and the *Mirror breaks*.
 The *blushing Grape* your *Influence denies*,
 And only *sparkles* now from CLIO's *Eyes*.
 The *murder'd Fans* are all in *Passion torn*,
 And *Gods and Goddeses* expire *forlorn*,
 CLIO looks down with *Pity* — and with *Scorn*.
 So the tall *Poplar* views the *Shrubs* below,
 Shoots to the *Skies*, while they *neglected* grow.

FLY from the *Glass*, o'ertake HER *noble Flight*,
 So shall the *Winter* of your *Days* be *bright*.
 When she *resigns*, your *Triumphs* may *succeed*,
 Thus may your *Lovers* sing, and *STEEL* may read;
 He is the *TASTER* to the *Goddes's FAME*,
 And weighs the *Poet's Sense*, the *Lover's Flame*.

STREPHON.

THE



THE INTERVIEW.

CLIO to STREPHON.



OST to the *World*, and negligent of *Fame*,
I lay! till You from great *APOLLO* came,
Waking my Soul to Numbers in his Name.

RISE CLIO, rise! with tuneful Voice you said,
Leave fond Amusements, and thy mossy Bed,
Soar on the *Muses* Wings, and be immortal made,

I WONDER'D, and I trembled at the Sound,
For yet no *Bays* had CLIO's *Temples* crown'd:
She knew not *Fame*, nor what her *Stars* design'd,
Carving her *Thoughts* on some smooth *Poplar's* Rind,
To *harmless Sonnets* all her Verse confin'd.

The

120 CLIO to STREPHON.

The Name of *Wis* on *Holidays* she bore,
 Among the *Swains*, nor could she hope for more;
 A *Wedding Posy*, or a *Valentine*,
 She knew to write, and *that* seem'd wondrous fine.
 I dream't not great *APOLLO* meant me more,
 Till thou wer't sent his bright *Ambassador*:
 Sweet *Poesy* seiz'd my *Bosom* at thy *Sight*,
 No more, you cry'd, in *Trifles* take *Delight*,
 Read all the *Summer's Day*, and all the *Winter's*
Night.

ORINDA's and ASTREA's Thoughts peruse,
 Blending their *diff'rent* Beauties in thy *Muse*.
 Chaste as ORINDA's let thy *Numbers* flow,
 But with ASTREA's *Warmth* inspire their *Snow*,
 And, Oh! when tender *Passion* is thy *Theme*,
 Copy the *Language* then of *SAPPHO's Flame*,
 Paint thou the *Passion*, — but, if *that* can be!
 Amidst the *Dangers*, keep thy *Bosom* free.

THUS, as you speak, the God of Verse descends
 Into my Soul — I loath my duller Friends;
 TEA-TABLE Conversations I avoid,
 Averse to *Nonsense*, with their *Scandal* cloy'd,
 The darksome Groves sweet *Solitude* I sought,
 Where *modest Silence* is a *Friend* to *Thought*;
 Desire of *FAME* possess my *lab'ring Mind*,
 I sigh'd and read, 'till ev'ry *Muse* grew kind:

CLIO to STREPHON. 121

Smooth-tongu'd Applause my lucky Thought pursu'd,
 And almost ruin'd CLIO's Solitude;
 The Morning wonders that my watchful Eyes
 Rest with the MOON, and yet with PHOEBUS rise.
 I from ORINDA to great SHAKESPEARE change,
 With Wonder, and with Envy, there I range;
 My Soul all mov'd, I cry, give *Shakespear's Fame*,
 O Heav'ns! and when you please, dissolve this Frame.
 I ask not *Life*, nor *Fortune*, but the *Art*,
 As HE does mine, to touch the READER'S Heart;
 Let others be content to please the Sight,
 Let ME afford more exquisite Delight;
 The Joy of *Admiration* I would move,
 To short-liv'd Toasts, I yield the God of Love:
 Let ME, hereafter be with Transport read,
 My Numbers shining, when my Eyes are dead:
 Mine's an *Ambition* that nor likes, nor needs
 The gilded Chariot, or the dappled Steeds,
 How dull (my Stars!) was giddy PHAETON?
 I would not wish the Chariot of the Sun,
 Nor JUNO's Birds, to bear me thro' the Skies,
 But on the Wings of Verse alone I wish to rise.

CLIO.

G

CLIO'S



CLIO'S PICTURE.

By Herself.



ERE let the Muse perform the Painter's
Part,

And strike the Picture of my Face and
Heart :

Poesy is call'd the Image of the Mind,

In mine my *Soul* and *Body* both are join'd.

Large is my Forehead made, not wond'rous fair,

But Room enough for all the Muses there,

Full are my Eyes, and of a harmless blue,

As if no Wound they made, or Dart they knew.

My Eyebrows, circ'ling o'er, a Shade bestow,

Veiling the Dulness of the Eye below.

Nature, so niggard to the upper Part,

Fell to my Lips, and gave a Dash of Art:

Oft have I heard her faithful Lover swear,

That Poetry and Love were shining there.

Even

CLIO'S PICTURE. 123

Even and white my Teeth, but rarely shown,
In Life I've little Cause for smiling known;
The Loss of Friends fell on my tender Years,
Dash'd ev'ry Hope, and turn'd my Smiles to Tears.
A gloomy Sweetness on my Features hung,
Sorrows my Pen, and Trembles on my Tongue.
Slow is its Speech, and with no Musick fraught,
Wronging the Richness of my Soul's best Thought.

BUT, whither is the mournful Pencil stray'd,
My Hair dark brown wants not *Bucelias'* Aid,
Flows in the Wind, nor of the Comb afraid;
Beneath my Waist in nat'ral Rings descends,
Or pliant to the artful Finger bends,
When it betides, that Dress and I are Friends.
Easy my Neck, but of no darling White
Veil'd by the Lawn from the enquiring Sight.
My Shoulders full as Nature's self informs:
Small are my Fingers, nor too plump my Arms;
To the nice Eye no Transport they afford,
But to the Ear they press the speaking Cord;
Then my Cares murmur with a lower Breath,
Drop from my Eyes, and weep themselves to Death;
Ev'n now they press to wrong this artless Draught,
Brib'd by my Fate to ruin ev'ry Thought.

My Feet with no ungraceful Motion tread,
 Tho' *Isaac's* Steps are from my Mem'ry fled.
 To decent Height my Stature is inclin'd,
 Worthy the Muses, and a gen'rous Mind.
 To thy kind Eyes *CLIO* submits her Form,
 Thy Verse can give it every absent Charm.
 Thou, in whom Art and Love, and Nature shines,
 Immortalize my Picture in thy Lines.





A
Critical ESSAY,

Containing some

REMARKS upon the **NATURE**

OF

EPISTOLARY and **ELEGIACK**

POETRY,

And the most

Beautiful PASSAGES

In the following **EPISTLES** of

CLIO and **STREPHON.**

By Way of

Letter from Mr. JOHN PORTER, to his Friend
RICHARD POCOCK of Turfield-Court, in the
County of Bucks, Esq;

DEAR SIR,



THE Editor of the following **POEMS**
being pleased to pass a Compliment
upon my Judgment, first desired me to
give my Opinion of this Performance.

G 3

And

And really, when I had read them over, I own I was tempted to speak my Mind of them, and, by way of Gratitude, to make a small Return of Praise to a Work, which administer'd so much Pleasure to me in the Reading. I was unwilling to do this in publick Print, after such a Manner, as to seem delivering my Opinion to the World, because that would carry with it too much of the Appearance of a *profest Critick*, a Thing, which I dare openly profess I am not; and I wish, what I have here written, does not more plainly declare that Truth for me, than I do for my self. I therefore chuse to give *mine* rather as a *private Opinion* to a *Friend*, who, if he could not intirely come into my Sentiments, would be so kind, at least, as not to *censure* me. The first Moment I thought of doing it, to what a Man may call his Friend, in the genuine and extensive Sense of the Word, you will not wonder, that you was the first Person I pitched upon, who have a long Time favoured me with your Conversation, and enjoined me to make Freedom and Familiarity the chief Articles of it; and therefore I begin without further Ceremony.

It has been remark'd by the ingenious Major Pack, that, though there is nothing, in which Wit, Humour, and Gallantry, makes so great a Figure as in LETTERS, yet the *English* have not many Collections of FAMILIAR LETTERS, that are of any Value; and I must add, that in my Reading, I don't remember to have met with any in *Verse*, I mean, where a Correspondence has been

Epistles of Clio and Strephon. 127

been carried on for a Space of Time. Those few, that ever appear'd, seem'd to be the Works of Invention, and Starts and Sallies of Fancy, and have (as they proceeded from nothing but a Lust of Wit) been accordingly filled and crowded with indecent Images. But these, which I offer to you, have, besides their Novelty, many innocent Charms, that make them sweetly entertaining. The Correspondence between CLIO and STREPHON first took its Rise from the Liking and Esteem which they had for each other, from a meer Acquaintance with their Writings, and at last, in the Progress, it grew into an *Ideal Love*, when they had no Knowledge of one another, but by Descriptions from a third Person; and the Book itself concludes with the *first Interview* they ever had. Where a mutual and passionate Flame was thus first lighted up in the Minds of young People, what Elegance of Expression is it we might not expect from them? When Love makes its Inroad through the Eyes to the Heart of Man, Love is seldom the Cause of a lasting Esteem; but both the Fondness and the Value pall with Enjoyment, and vanish with the tasted Charms. But where reciprocal Esteem is got into the very Soul, a bare Liking of Persons connects them in an indissoluble Tie of Love and Friendship: No Esteem can be lasting, which is grounded upon that capricious Humour of the Eye, which we falsely, though commonly call *Falling in Love with any Body*; but Love is eternal,

G 4

nal, where a true inward Esteem is its Forerunner. It would be therefore to do them an Injury, to pretend to make a thorough Parallel between theirs and any other *Love Epistles*, there never having appear'd any before of the same Nature, and these being *perfect Originals* in their Kind. Letters of Love and Friendship between a young Lady and a Gentleman, who never beheld one another's Faces, no not so much as in Effigy, are Things, I believe, so very rare, that they have been never heard of till now; and yet I believe I may say, there are other Things besides as rare belonging to these Letters, and those are the beautiful and inimitable Turns of Wit, with which they as *singularly* express the Passion of their Minds, as the Passion is itself *singular*. The next *Rarity* of them is, that there is *all* the *Softness* of Love, *without* the *Indecency* of it; and even the Man's Part, if it betrays a Thought or Wish beyond what the purest Maid might entertain with Safety to the Virginity of her Mind, it is with a Tendency to that State, which is very honourable, and than which nothing but Virginity itself is more laudable; and the Fair, in full Possession of all the treasured Beauty, Virtue, and Bloom of Fifteen, may read every Line of it, with as much Innocence, as she may hear a kind Expression, or behold a Look, more kind than ordinary, pass between her Father and Mother.

BUT Sir, I would not have it thought, that I endeavour to talk these Epistles into Credit, merely

Epistles of Clio and Strephon. 129

ly because I like them, and have a Taste for them my self: For, if I did not believe they would certainly procure a great Reputation for themselves, I would never have presumed to offer them to you. But I have a Mind to venture into the World my Remarks upon some Passages, that I think more particularly beautiful, and my Observations upon several Turns of Wit, Humour, and Passion, which I take to be peculiar to this kind of Epistolary Poesy. By this Means, when I come to hear whether you and the World censure or approve my Notions, I shall reap the *Delight* and *Benefit* of finding my own Judgment, either confirm'd, or else set right and improved.

IN these Remarks, I shall first have an Eye to the Part which the Lady bears in this Work; she indeed plainly appears to be the *Fair-one* in *Mind*, as well as in *Sex*: And if the Signs of *bold* and *manly* Strength are here and there to be found in the Genius of *Strephon*, the *Syrens*, the *Smiles*, and the *Graces*, *warble*, *conquer*, *please*, and *awe* almost in every Line of *CLIO*, and her Mind was surely formed to excite such an *intellectual* Courtship. I almost grow a Rival to the Poet, when I write of his Mistress that I never saw, and I fancy every ingenious Man will be the same that reads her. When first the Word *Angel* was attributed to *Woman*, I believe it was in some Measure properly applied to a Fair-one that resembled *CLIO*; and the Term has been shamefully misused by others ever since, till it is now a-

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gain applied only to *her*, from the nearer Resemblance she seems to bear to those bright Spirits, than to any of the wittiest of her own Sex.

First LETTER, Page 1.

IN the very first Letter of hers which is extant, the Poetry is full of *Fire*, but as full of *Purity*; she shews herself eminently distinguished from all her Sex. For tho' she has (as I have been informed) as many exterior Charms, as might alone render a young Woman very vain of herself, yet, though her Male Correspondent professes very hard to see her, she artfully disparages her own Person, to try, as it were, if Wit alone could be enough of itself to win him, and owns that the same Power in a Man would prevail with her, let his personal Appearance be what it would. I think she speaks of herself under the *pretended Disadvantages* of the *Small Pox*, and a *spoiled Complexion*, in Lines as *sprightly* and *tempting* as I ever read.

But Heav'n forbid that you should ever see
That *Outside*, which the *Vulgar* World calls *me*;
Nature has been ungentle to my Face,
With artless Fingers shadowed ev'ry Grace:
Deep has she left her cruel Marks behind,
As if she meant to scar my very Mind.

My

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My Skin she sullied with a fallow Hue,
That scarce my Soul is seen to sparkle thro'.

SHE then comforts herself under these assumed Disadvantages with what (when she calls them her little Talents in Poetry) she proves to be the greatest that can be; and then artfully steals into the Reader's Soul, by convincing him, that the Favour, which she would do him in overlooking all corporal Imperfections, was immensely due from him to herself in these concluding Lines.

Whate'er thy Person be, I shall o'er-pass,
Who would throw Diamonds by to look on Glass?
Or who would mind the Stars imperfect Light,
When the great God of Day attracts the Sight?

Second LETTER, Page 4.

THE Answer which STREPHON makes, appears to be skilfully suited to the Taste of his Mistress: He had told her before (as appears by her first Letter) what Idea he had formed of her Person from Description, (and 'tis really a Pity it is lost.)

AND he therefore now tacitly acquiesces in what she says of herself, and makes his Advantage of it, by giving her a Description of his own Person, which he calls an indifferent Figure, and by desiring her, as it were, beforehand to keep her Word with him, and to let that be no
Obstacle

Obstacle to her bestowing her Love upon him, when he should come to make his Appearance before her, and makes that Confidence in her Promise, a farther Argument still, why he must venture to see her.

Third LETTER, Page 7.

HER Reply to this is by way of a *poetick* Dream, where she makes her *Fancy* kindly represent *him* to *herself* in most *advantageous* Colours, notwithstanding *those* in which *he* had painted himself to her *Imagination* before. The whole Epistle is *soft*, *tender*, and *engaging*; and, though it is even supposed to be a *Dream* of a *Woman*, concerning her *Lover*, it appears more like the *virtuous Rapture* of a kind well-wishing *Friend*, and is filled with *moral* and *pious Sentiments*.

Fourth LETTER, Page 11.

INSPIR'D with such a good-natured Opinion, as she has of him, he next (what we might naturally enough expect from him) went to see her, but he is forced to write her Word of it, or she had been ignorant of the Matter; for, it seems when he came even to her House, his Heart failed him, and he had not Courage enough to venture in, or even to enquire for her. This (whe-

Epistles of Clio and Strephon. 133

(whether an affectionate Truth, or a well-bred Fiction) was certainly (where a virtuous Mind was first to be engaged and subdued) a masterly Step towards gaining Pity, Benevolence, and Affection. And such a Picture of a Man's Modesty, where a Virgin Mind, so witty and so pure, was to be tempered and melted into Love, was his best Expedient; for it naturally mollifies the most rigid Virtue, by not seeming to dare to aim at so high an Attempt. True Virtue is generous and humble in itself, pities those who are too much awed by it, and, out of meer Humanity, condescends to be familiar; but where Boldness presses upon her Retirement, and invades her Privacy, she is alarmed, and takes State upon her with a decent Pride. Those lose Ground who would think to gain it, as is practised with good Success in the ordinary Course of Courtship. A Woman's Love, which begins in her Eye, is of a coarser Mold, than Love which begins in her Mind. In that her Body has the first Share, and tempts the Mind to her own Frailty; in this the Mind of the Woman is free from all Frailty of its own, and if she consents at least to love, she gratifies the Frailty of the Man, and not her own, and permits the frail human Lover, in order to enjoy more closely the purer Part of him, the Angelical Friend. In this therefore he has used the true Art of a Courtier; an Art the more to be admired, because it is just, and yet uncommon, delaying to see a Mistress, whom he longed, and whom he had Leave to see. In order to dispose
her

her Mind for Love, while he thus *covertly* begs it, he sends her the *Part* of Love between CLORINDA and TANCREDI, which is one of the most moving Episodes in all TORQUATO TASSO, translated by his own Hand.

N. B. THESE Fragments from *Tasso*, which were given over for lost, have been recover'd since Mr. Porter's Death, who would else have given us his Remarks, and are here inserted with the Letter which accompanied them to CLIO.

Fifth LETTER, Page 49.

CLIO's Answer to this Letter of his, and on his Version of TASSO, which he sent her at the same Time, is so entirely beautiful, that no particular Part of it can be named as fine, without doing Injury to the others that remain unnamed. For it is one *continued* Beauty all throughout, beginning with an *Exclamation* of her being forced to retire, even from his *Voice*, because his *Modesty* won upon her so much in *not appearing* himself, shews the Greatness of the *Generosity* of Mind, I describ'd above, to the highest Perfection, and renders her more amiable than ever, and makes her *move* Love *more* in Proportion, as she appears *more mov'd* with it herself: For, there, even a *Passion* is built, where it is very rarely built, upon the *strongest Foundation* of the *strictest Honour*, and the *soundest Judgment*. Now

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I can't resist the Temptation of singling out some Lines of hers, which, I will venture to say, are more than any Man could deserve, tho' she is pleas'd to address them to her STREPHON; (I fancy I am here growing again his *Rival*, and that I envy him as much a Mistress, whom I never saw, as he lov'd her before he saw her,) and I single them out, because I own they please my Taste particularly, and because the Expressions mostly seem to be turned in that *graceful, easy, natural*, and yet *strong* Manner, for which Mr. Addison, who is now *Immortal*, was so eminently conspicuous.

The World, which seem'd a Trifle to my View,
Is less despis'd, since 'tis adorn'd by you;
And I its empty Pleasures could endure,
Were but my Soul of such a Friend secure:
How few in all the *Tour* of Life we find,
That either can *improve* or *charm* the Mind?
Scarce can my Thought, in all the boasted Crowd,
Recal one Friend to make my Mem'ry proud.
Tho' much of Flattery my Youth has prov'd,
(For I have been, what others call, *belov'd*),
Yet still, my *nicer* Inclination found
Some happy Fault to keep me yet *unbound*.

AFTER this, turning all her Pleasure and Care
to her Muse, and praying him to do the like;
and then running imperceptibly into the Praise of
the

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the Tenderness of his Composition concerning the Loves of CLORINDA and TANCREDI, to evade the *Love* offered by him to herself; all these, I say, are Beauties, which, if they were to be found in any of the antient Writers of poetical *Love Epistles*, I except not even the great Masters, *Ovid* and *Tibullus* themselves, many Pages would be filled by Commentators in their Praise.

Sixth LETTER, Page 52.

THE next is *Strephon's* Letter; and there he recapitulates in a Dream all the Lady has said to him, and answers it Paragraph by Paragraph, by way of Dialogue, turning all very dexterously to his own Favour. But the Place, which he seems most to turn to his Advantage, is that, wherein he introduces her endeavouring to divert his Mind from the farther Pursuit of Love, and to join with her in cultivating those social Studies, which were wholly to terminate in the Muses; whom she is pleas'd to call his Friends; (and that consequently, by his Interest in them, he may perpetuate her Fame, which, she modestly insinuates, would not long subsist without his Help: These Words of hers he turns thus; and where she seems most to avoid his Courtship, there he pusheth it the most home.

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CLIO is all my Pleasure and my Care;
And I no other's Fetters wish to wear:
To me then, CLIO, all thy Fondness give,
And let thy truest, tend'rest Lover live.
Of that I can no Danger apprehend,
If ev'ry Muse is, as thou say'st, my Friend.
Heav'n knows, of all the Nine, but *one* I chuse;
Ye Heav'ns! let CLIO be *that* friendly Muse;
Then *future* Ages will repeat *my Name*,
For, if she'd wear it, she wou'd give it *Fame*.

Seventh LETTER, Page 59.

THE foregoing Letter had, it seems, the Misfortune to be detain'd a whole Month by a Lady, to whom the Care of it was entrusted, before it was deliver'd to CLIO, which occasions, in her Answer, many Expressions of Regret, and tenderest Resentment, upon the Account of her not receiving it sooner. She praiseth the *Chastity* of his Dream, and signifies, that the *Goddess* of *that* Virtue gave her *Leave* to approve it; and, when she has answer'd the Objection of those PRUDES, who might make an Exception against her going such Lengths in her Favour to him, she flies into a metaphorical RAPTURE of Poetry, that the Letter did not sooner come into her Hands, which, if LONGINUS was again to live, and to be the *Judge* of, he would certainly place
down

down as an *Example* of the *Sublime*. The Words are these:

My guardian Angel should have been their Guide,
And to his Wings thy am'rous Paper ty'd:
In bearing of the glorious Sheets along,
APOLLO would have caught the flying Song;
And, as he cut along the lower Sky,
Thy Verse had taught his Pinions how to fly.

HER placing him afterwards in so lively a Manner before her Sight, and expressing her Ideas, that she sees his very Features, his Shape, his Air, his Look glowing, as it were, when he *fortunately* hits upon an Expression, which he thought would *please* her, is a *Master-Stroke* in Writing, which *Nature* must have dictated, and *Art* could not teach; and like the Way with which Women *charm* their Lovers, when they own they are *charm'd*, and by which, when they signify *their Lovers* steal into *their Minds*, they rather steal into the Minds of *their Lovers*: She seems to be persuading, whilst she fears to be persuaded; and her Mind, in the Close of this Letter, appears to be brought to that Progress in *ideal Love*, as a young Woman's is in *practical Courtship*, when her *denying* is so *faint*, that it may pass for *Granting*: And this she expresses in so artful a Manner, as might *instruct* the most courtly Maid how to *act* on the same Occasion.

The

Epistles of Clio and Strephon. 139

The Pow'r of Verse my ravish'd Soul has prov'd,
So can't thou charm, and so is CLIO mov'd.

What artful Methods the Poetick find,

To steal themselves into the Reader's Mind?

I should receive thy dang'rous Wit with Care,

For, Oh! the Poet lies in Ambush there.

I see, I hear thee, thy persuasive Art!

Oh! keep thy Verse, and let me keep my Heart;

Or if, O gentle Bard! thou art my Friend,

While thou attack'st, instruct me to defend.

Eighth LETTER, Page 63.

IN the next Letter STREPHON may be supposed to try his utmost Interest in her Breast, upon this Encouragement, tho' the Letter is unfortunately lost; whereupon CLIO, in her Answer to it, returns to her *first Intrenchment*, and places all her Praises in *Platonick Love* and *pure Friendship*. She calls him a *Spirit*, alluding to his *former Dream*, his *Breast*, she says, is *Aethereal*; she owns that, in *that Sense*, she converseth with him at *Midnight*; that she has pray'd to have a *Lover* like him *made of Air*; says his is not an *earthly Passion*, but a more *transcendent Flame*, and that *Love* itself is too *mean a Name* for it. But, before she concludes, she acknowledgeth the Power of his Verse has excited some soft Feelings in her Bosom, vows she will retire, yet
owns

owns she cannot; desires him not to court her, for fear she should yield; and a thousand other beautiful Tenderneſſes ſhe expreſſes altogether; but, at laſt, ſhe hath Recourſe again to her *ſtrong-eſt Retreat*, turns all this Tide of Rapture into meer *ſpiritual* Fondneſs, claims her Lover's *Ap-probation* for the *Honour* of doing ſo, and, at the ſame Time as ſhe *rejects* his *Love*, ſhe *demand*s his *eternal Friendſhip*, and intreats him in his *ſpi-ritual Capacity* to *viſit* her *every Night*.

Thus ſpeaks my Soul; but it, alas! is join'd,
To human Clay, which is to Rules confin'd,
And thou thy ſelf would'ſt chide it, if too kind:
Yet whatſoever rigid Form attends,
Let us at leaſt — eternally be Friends,
And I intreat thee, Oh! my charming Spright,
In Verſe to viſit CLIO ev'ry Night.

Ninth LETTER, Page 66.

THE next Letter is STREPHON's, and contains a melancholly Account of the Interruption of the Gaiety and Pleaſure of their Loves: The Subject of this Interruption is nothing leſs than his receiving the ill News that the Miſtreſs of his tender Affections is fallen ſick. The *greateſt Beauty* that I obſerve in this Letter is, that the *Heart* of the *Writer* appears plainly to have a *greater Share* in the *Compoſition* of it than the *Head*.

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Head. His Description of Death approaching in all its Terrors with Impatience to demand him, and saying it would be less dreadful than that ill News; and then next his disbelieving it upon her being the Care of Heaven, and again turning back to his first Fears, are the perfect Nature, and the true Workings of a Mind distress'd for the Indisposition of a Mistress. His turning and falling immediately to his Prayers for her Recovery, and signifying that he will remain upon his Knees till an Express brings him the glad Tidings of her restored Health, are such lively Strokes of Imagery, that I fancy him before my Eyes in that supplicating Posture. And I remark, that it is the first Letter we have of his in Prose, which in some Measure shews the Passion between them to be natural, and not feign'd, in as much as her Illness put him under too great a Perturbation of Mind, to express himself in his darling Way of Courtship, that of Poetry.

Tenth LETTER, Page 68.

HER Answer to him is likewise in Prose, and she adapts every Thing to the Subject of her Illness: In the Midst of it she is not, indeed, employ'd in the Reading of his Letters; that would have been an improper Amusement for a sick Woman. No, she read Religion; but even that must be in his Essays, which, as she tells him, he makes, as it really is, the finest Subject upon Earth.

Earth. And here I observe, that those Essays were probably that Book, the reading of which, as mentioned in the Title of the first Page, gave her the first Liking to him, and occasioned their Correspondence. — As, when she is ill, she is resolved to seem to owe her serious Devotion to him, so, upon the first Appearance of her growing better, the only real Pleasure she seems to be able to take is, conversing with him again in Verse, which she calls healing to her Mind, and concludes with desiring it in the following Rapture.

Oh! then the sacred Remedy apply,
And pleas'd I'll live, if not, with Pleasure die.

Eleventh LETTER, Page 69.

IN the next Letter STREPHON answers the Request of his CLIO; and now his Mind is more at Ease on the Consideration of her being in a likely Way of Recovery, writes to her in Verse, and makes her *Sickness* the *Subject* of his Letter; and, the whole, (if I may give my Opinion) seems to be a *studied Piece*; it is *not like* his other Letters; 'tis undertaken rather as a *Task*, than by *Choice*; it has more of *Art* than *Nature* in it: There are many sublime Touches in it that demand our *Approbation*, nay, even force our *Admiration*, although the others, according to my Taste, are much more *taking*.

Twelfth

Twelfth LETTER, Page 73.

THE next Letter is also written by STREPHON, and is an Answer to CLIO's Letter on *Platonick Love*, writ just before her Sickness: In this he returns to his *former Way* of Courtship, writes with all the *Softness* in Nature; he takes Occasion to argue, from his *Tenderness* to her in her Illness, that she should return the same Compassion to his Mind labouring under the Pangs of Love; and *exploding*, with a great deal of *Humour*, that too *spiritualiz'd Way* of Courtship in the *Platonick Kind*, he tells her, that he is her Lover in *plain Terms*, that he is composed of *Body* as well as *Soul*; and, therefore, with their *Angelical Converse*, they ought to mingle the Discourses of the *Woman* and the *Man*: He ventures to own those two dreadful Disadvantages in a Suiter, the *Disagreeableness* of his *Person*, and the low Condition and *Poverty* of his *Fortune*, and throws the Issue of his Plea wholly upon her *Mercy* and *Generosity*, the *two Virtues* upon which he could most rely, as being the most *predominant in her Soul*.

Thir-

Thirteenth LETTER, Page 76.

C LIO intitles her next Letter An Answer to both STREPHON's admirable Epistles concerning her Illness and Platonick Love. In the first six and twenty Lines of this Letter she makes him the highest Compliments upon the Verses he writ on her Indisposition during the Time of the great Storm. *Storms*, she says, *grow gentle*, *Thunder* softens at the Sound of his Verse. She compares them to all the sweetest Instruments of Musick, even up to *David's Harp*; she owns that the Passions of her Soul are chilled and warmed, as the Poet pleases; she describes the Angel's descending, hearing, and wondring at his Voice, becoming his Friends, and carrying up his Prayers for her in the Midst of the Storm; to the Effect of which Prayers she beautifully attributes the Recovery of her Health; and, whilst she is praising the *Loftiness* of his Expressions, exceeds them with *her own*, and is, *herself*, the *best Example* of the *Sublime* she commends. At the twenty seventh Line she begins to take him to Task for writing his other Letter against *Platonick Love*, with a *Vein* of exquisite *Humour* and *Pleasantry*: The Words are these;

But with my Praises I shou'd Chidings join,
Thy Body is inform'd of our Design.

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Did I not tell thee, it a Share wou'd claim,
And strive to damp our everlasting Flame?
And CLIO has a *Rival* now I find,
Who knows the softest Secrets of thy *Mind*:
Thou art not an *intire Angel* yet,
But hast a *little* of the *Serpens's* Wit.

AFTER this little Sally of Humour is over, wherein the *Sound* of the Verse is perfectly altered to the *Sense*, and the *Stile* made more familiar, the better to express that *Part* of *Raille-ry*; she, at last, gracefully assumes the *Platonick* again herself, and flying into a fresh *Rapture* upon *Angelical Love*, she again makes the *Words* agree with the *Sense*, and is all *Pompons*, *Magnificent*, and *Sonorous*. The Lines are these;

A Day will come, thou wilt be all refin'd,
Thy *Body* as *immortal* as thy *Mind*;
Then near thy heav'nly Form my Soul shall stay,
And pass with thee the never-ending Day.
A little longer, tedious Life will end,
And we like Stars together shall ascend:
Or shou'd I lose thee in the shining Throng,
I soon should find thee, by thy deathless Song.
Sure a peculiar Brightness thou wilt wear,
From all the sparkling Crowd of Poets there.
Sing on, and shorten Life's insipid Race,
I long to meet thee in a nobler Place,

H

Where

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Where Spirits of our Rank appear in State,
And those of lower Merit humbly wait.

BUT when she has shewn all this *Divinity* of Mind (as I may call it) she is still *afraid* that she must be *Woman at last*, and apprehends falling into the Frailty of consenting to his Desires, though the very Ground upon which she fears to do it, is a Virtue, and not a Frailty: She sees his Mind amiable, and hears from his own Mouth, that he has a Body which disturbs his Mind with the Inclinations of Love; and yet he has told her it is a deformed one, and not likely to gain a Return of Affection from the Fair. Therefore out of meer Pity she encourages him; she *admits* the Lover to secure the *Friend*, and can be said to do no more than just generously to bring, or rather force herself to endure the corporal Man, for the sake of the intellectual one.

But cease to think thy noble Mind undone,
Tho' Nature put thy Body loosely on.
If 'tis unworthy of the brighter Guest,
Which warms thy Verse, and sparkles in thy Breast,
I can forgive thy uningaging Clay,
Suppose it even what thy Numbers say.

AFTER this we may expect her Consent; for Pity, as Mr. *Dryden* says, still foreruns approaching Love, as Lightning does the Thunder. But
Oh!

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Oh! how full of Beauty is the yielding Maid!
Did ever so much fearful granting, retracting,
blushing, trembling, bewitching Modesty appear in
Action, as there is here lively painted in Expression?

What would'st thou *more*? — thy Numbers I *ap-*
prove,

I like my self — and give thee *leave* to *love*.

But, Oh! *introuaching* Mortal as thou art,

Let still thy *Spirit* have the *greatest* Part:

You may admire me, all the Ways you can,

Give me the Lover, but keep back the Man:

Yet even *him*, perhaps, my Eyes cou'd bear,

Because *thy Soul*, (which is my *Friend*), lives *there*.

Let CLIO still her *Empire*, there, maintain,

Sweet are her *Law*s, and gentle is her *Reign*,

She shall not tyrannize, nor thou complain.

SHE has no sooner consented, but she seems
beautifully ashamed of the consenting Letter;
she can endure her own Writings no longer, and
his only are suitable to her Taste; she expostulates
with him, that *Love* ought to be *dumb*, but when
he is the *Lover*, it ought to *speak*, because *his*
Eloquence alone is *able* to *justify* a *Maid's* being
kind.

I just again have read thy Letters o'er,

And therefore can indure my own no more:

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From whence do all thy soft Expressions come,
 Sure not from Love, for Love, you know, is *dumb*;
 But such a Passion may I never prove,
 Give me a *speaking* and a *writing* Love,
 One, that can with *such* Eloquence persuade,
 And *justify* the *Kindness* of a *Maid*.

THE whole Letter may stand a better Example of Epistolary Poetry, than any one I can find among the Antients: It seems to have been written by a Lady who had a full and lawful Call from *Minerva* and Nature to Poetry, and to have been led by Nature likewise to this soft Subject of Love; so that there is left no Room to wonder that this should be one of the most perfect Pieces in the Composition, in which both Art and Nature have conspired; and really where a Woman born by Nature a *Wit* and *Poetess*, writing to a Man she loves for his Sense, and by whom she is belov'd for her own, first acknowledges her Consent to his Courtship, what Beauties might one not expect in a Letter where *Wit* and *Nature*, *Art* and *Study*, *Love*, *Modesty*, *Passion*, and *Virtue*, join their Forces, and exert themselves to make it fine? This must be the Verse which contains in it such Charms, which cannot fail to affect all Hearts with Pleasure, that are capable of receiving any, and to sooth all Minds that are susceptible of the Notions of Love: When she commends his Wit, her own Lines are full of it; when she speaks of the Loftiness

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ness of his Expressions, her own are much more sublime; and when she rallies him for not being able to keep within the Bounds of Platonick Love, her Words gently steal and slide into a smother Courte of Stile; she conveys her Notions familiarly, and in the easiest Way imaginable; but when she enters upon the Praise of Platonick Love, she grows again divine, like her Subject, her Sentiments rise with the Theme, and her Expressions with her Sentiments; when she touches upon Morality and Virtue, she does it with the nicest Propriety and Delicacy; when she pities the Passion that disturbs his Breast, she insensibly leads herself into Love, and to use the Expression of the ingenious Major Pack, *She is born gently down the Tide of Tenderness, in soft and easy Gales of Passion.* And all the while she is thus yielding, *Virgin Modesty* (if I may be allowed so bold a Phrase) *glows and blushes*, as it were, in her very Lines, and adds a thousand new Charms to the other Beauties of this Poem.

Fourteenth LETTER, Pag. 81.

THE next Letter is STREPHON'S; in which he expresseth the Increase of his Passion, and describes the different Feelings which work upon him with greater Vehemence than ever. While he is reading over and over again the last condescending Letter, he would fain give spiritual Love the Drop, and quit it entirely; he has nothing

more of the Angel left in him, but turns perfectly Man, and has no sooner obtained the least Glimpse of a Promise, but he is passionately *eager, impetuous, and pressing* for Enjoyment. But yet, amidst all the Hurry of his Desire, he takes the nicest Care not to be so passionate as to prove offensive; he paints Enjoyment, but then it is in the purest Images; he artfully makes Fancy personate himself, and in a Transport of Imagination, catches her sleeping in her Garden, (alluding to her Letter, intitled, *The Dream*, p. 7.) goes as far in the luscious Discription as stealing a Kiss from her, and wishing it might excite in her the same Desires, as he felt, by Sympathy; and concludes with a Sigh that he could go no farther, and that what he even possess'd was only in Thought, and not in Reality; but then he comforts himself with the Hopes of a more actual Enjoyment from the Leave she had given him to Love. That kind Leave he dwells upon, with all the Fondness of a desiring Lover; he flies into a Rapture upon it; he gains his Mistress in Thought, and finishes his Letter in an Extasy.

This said, I just was yielding to Despair,
But thy last Letter dissipated Care:

There, there you say — my Numbers you approve,
You like yourself — and give me Leave to love.

Leave? — O ye CUPIDS bear the Tidings high,
As the bright Orb that circles round the Sky;

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To distant Worlds my plighted Love proclaim,

To distant Nations her dear Accents name:

She gives me *Leave* — O sound those Words again!

And sound them, 'till the lovely Maid I gain!

Fifteenth LETTER, Page 84.

AS it commonly happens in other Things, when Hopes are at the highest, that they meet with unexpected cross Accidents, and have the greater Fall; so fared it with STREPHON in his Love: When his Imagination was wound up to the highest Pitch, and he thought his Mistress his own; a Letter full of killing News comes to his Hands from CLIO, wherein she tells him she has heard from an only Brother in *Spain*, who invites her thither: She tells him the passionate Desire she has to see him after seven Years Absence, will prevail with her to venture; yet at the same Time she assures him, that she should be grieved to leave nothing more than his tender Correspondence, and intreats him to contrive some Way of keeping it up. Thus all his Hopes are defeated at once, and when he thought he was nearest obtaining the Lady, she was going to *Spain*, the furthest from him: He did not want the Means of contriving a Correspondence with her in a foreign Climate, but what he most passionately wanted was, a much closer Correspondence.

H 4.

This

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This unexpected Distress gives an Occasion for one of the most passionate, (and what I think one of the best) Letters he has written.

Sixteenth LETTER, Page 86.

STREPHON in the very Beginning of this Epistle seems perfectly Thunder-struck with the News of his Mistress's Departure; bewild'ed, as it were, with Woe, he begins his Letter as Nature always dictates in such Cases, abruptly, as Rhetoricians call it, and in this Place it is the greatest Beauty so to begin. Starting, as it were, in Surprise, he pictures, to his Imagination, a Number of Merchants standing on a Shore, beholding their Ships richly laden, and under Sail, dancing towards them on the curling Waves with a flattering Gale, thinking their Merchandizes already safe in their Hands, exulting and leaping with Joy at the happy Sight, and blessing Fortune as a Goddess that was indulgent to their Wishes; but then he immediately paints the Wayward Female Deity, amidst all her capricious Humours of Mutability and Inconstancy; She spightfully commands, and *Æolus* obeys, the Winds rise blustering, the Clouds gather, the Seas swell into Mountains, the Merchants complain in vain, the tall Masts sink behind the rising Billows, and they have no farther Use for their Eyes but to weep. After this lively Picture of Woe, he brings the Parallel home, and carries home

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home the Allegory throughout with great Exactness and Nicety. She is to him more precious than the Diamonds; the Fluctuations of a Mind in Love he justly compares to the troubled Sea; her Arms are his secure Harbour, and her Smiles are his inviting Coast. At last, by her Consent he seems approaching to her with the greatest Security; but just at that Instant, the same fickle Goddess of Fortune snatches her away from his Sight. This Allegory suits so much to my Taste, and is so full of lively Imagery, that I must insert it here, as being one of those I account the most beautiful Passages. After having represented the Merchant's Distress as above, he carries on the Comparison.

How nat'ral 'tis to feel a Wretch his Moan,
When small Reflection makes the Case one's own?
Richer were I, than those that share the *East*,
If thy soft Form my clasping Arms possess'd:
On Seas of Troubles has my Mind been toss'd,
Long fought, thro' Risques of being ever lost,
Thy Arms its Harbour, and thy Smiles its Coast:
Sometimes in Hope, but oft'ner in Despair,
'Till you at length inclin'd to hear my Pray'r.

Just as to home-row'd Barks, th'increasing Shores,
Jet forth, and seem to meet the lab'ring Oars,
So tow'rd's thy Bosom did I swiftly steer,
The Way seem'd shorten'd, and the Sky was clear;

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You seem'd approaching — Nature's self was gay,
 And I serener than a Summer's Day;
 But Destiny's black Clouds still lurk'd behind,
 My Stars grew cruel, just as you grew kind:
 Me! frustrate Hopes convey to Dennis' Plain,
 And Fortune snatches thee away to Spain.

BUT there is a secret Beauty which I remark in this Poem, that shews a great deal of Art in the Writer: When her Brother had sent for her, an only Brother which she had not seen so long, and it appear'd to suit both with her Inclination and Interest to go to him, tho' the *Lover* must be unwilling to part with her, yet it was not consistent with his *Part of Friendship* too strongly, and too plainly to dissuade her from the *Voyage*; and for this Reason it is, he compares the Loss of her to the Losses of Merchants at Sea, that he might have an Opportunity of describing the Inconstancy of the Heavens, a Calm first, and a Storm immediately succeeding, in order to insil into her Breast, with a great deal of hidden Art (where he does not seem to design it) a great many Fears and Dangers to deter her from attempting the Hazard of a Voyage. After this, when he is reduced to the Necessity of either dissuading her from going contrary to her declared Inclinations, or else persuading her to go quite contrary to his own, he behaves himself very artful in so nice a Crisis, dividing himself into the *Lover* and the *Friend*: As a *Lover* he has Tears in his Eyes, which

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which he makes his *dumb Advocates* for her *Stay*. As a *Friend* he consults *her Inclinations*, *her Pleasures*, and *her Interest*; he not only plainly advises her to go, but hastens her, and offers himself to lead her to the Ship with his own Hand; at the same Time bemoaning his low Condition of Fortune, and forrowing that he was not in Circumstances to bear the Expence of travelling with her, and that therefore he must be left behind. This I count another beautiful Passage, every Line is wonderfully adapted to move Pity and Compassion, and excite Love and Esteem.

Yet hear, my CLIO, thy best Friend advise,
[Tho' thy Friend's Counsel melts thy Lover's Eyes;]
Since thou hast got an only Brother there,
Wife like his Sister, like his-Sister fair,
Since he has sole Possession of thy Mind,
Which might possess the Hearts of all Mankind,
Might all, that can its lov'd Acquaintance boast,
Render its Slaves, but STREPHON still the most;
Go — yes thou shalt — my Hand shall be my Foe;
My Hand shall lead thee, since thou'rt bent to go,
And if base Fortune were less harsh to me,
I'd the Companion of that Voyage be.
But as to Fortune in this earthly State,
My Name's writ backward in the Books of Fate;
Go — share the Pleasures of a Brother's Breast,
And leave a Lover void of Joy and Rest,
For me no matter — CLIO will be blest.

To

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To some dark lonely Cave I can retire,
Weep away Life, and with a Groan expire.

Seventeenth LETTER, Page 89.

CLIO, in her Answer, replies to *both* his last Letters at the *same* Time. In the one he had told her his Passion was increas'd, and in the other he advised her to go to *Spain*. In this Letter we must consider CLIO no more in her Angelical Capacity of Platonick Love, but as a Virgin that had admitted the Courtship of a Man, and as a Woman that was so far overcome, as to own that the Courtship proceeded by her Leave, and that she well approved of the Courtier. When we have placed her in this new Light, we can't much wonder that she rallies her Lover, upon his saying this Moment, that his Passion was increas'd; and at the next, advising her to go quite away from him into a foreign Country; but then she rallies so, as not to seem to rally at the same Time, and indeed accuses him with a great deal of courtly Decency. She would appear to commend him for his Advice, and signifies that she doth not take it as an Argument of his Passion being abated; but yet, by her Way of concluding from thence, with a Resolution of going, and signifying, that he fartherers her Design, shews that what she said before, carries with it only an Air of Compliment, and that the *Woman* appears at the Bottom of it all. She inwardly condemns his

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his Advice, whilst she extreamly commends it, and palpably *takes* it for an *Affront* to Love, whilst she *openly professes* she does *not*. This she beautifully performs in the following Lines, with her *usual* Art and Address.

I'm lost in Thought — which I should most commend,

The Lover, the Philosopher, or Friend,
They all delight so much, they all so high ascend.

Rarely those Titles do so well agree,
The pleasing Wonder is all new to me,
A thousand diff'rent Virtues shine in thee.

My Friendship you deserve so many Ways,
Thy tender Passion, and enchanting Lays,
Inspire my grateful Song, to chaunt thy Praise.

Preferring CLIO's Int'rest to thy own,
Is such a Compliment I have not known.

Thy kind Philosophy I do approve,
Nor think thy Offer an Affront to Love,
For I by common Methods never move.

Yes, I will go — you further my Design,

SHE proceeds then under the Covert of a Moral, and desiring his farther Counsel in the Conduct of Life, artfully to excite his Jealousy, by signifying the Dangers she may have from the Courtship of other Men in *Spain*, that may be less generous Lovers than himself, and notwithstanding what she formerly said to the Disparagement

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ment of her own Beauty, she here puts him in Mind, that she has some Charms, and a great deal of Youth. The Words seem to me exceeding pretty:

Stay but a while, I'm ready to attend;
Thy gen'rous Arm, and faithful Counsel lend:
This little Bark, Oh! teach me how to guide,
Far from the Rocks of Levity or Pride;
For, Oh! I go, where I must think to find,
Things of thy Form, without thy God-like Mind.
Still lively Youth upon my Temples plays.

HOWEVER, she is willing to explain that there is some Love at the Bottom of his Expressions, and has so much Pity for him, that she endeavours to sooth the Melancholy which he expresses at his Disappointment in losing her, and the Narrowness of his Fortune, which restrains him from bearing her company in her intended Voyage. This she does by telling him that he has her for a Companion in Misfortunes, and that she too had met with her Share of Sorrow; and relates to him a moving melancholy Story of losing her Father, who was basely murder'd; and then addresses him upon the Subject of his own Grief, for which he has no such moving Cause as she has had; and advises him to bear the Parting from her with an equal Mind; and comforts him farther with this Reflection, that if his Name had no Place in the Books of Fortune,

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tune, it had a very bright one in the Books of Fame, and was consigned to Immortality: She tells him then in the finest Compliment that can be, how far she would have a Hand in spreading his Fame, especially in *Spain*, where she was going. This Part of her Letter, which is a lofty and sublime Panegyrick, seems to me to be written in the Manner, and with that very same Vigour and Spirit which was the peculiar *Characteristick* of the immortal Mr. *Addison*, when he employ'd his divine Pen in Panegyrick, who (for I must just take this small Occasion of offering some little Incense to the *Manes* of that great Poet) in my Opinion far excells Mr. *Waller* in *that Way*; tho' my Lord *Rocheſter* first, and Major *Pack* afterwards, allow *Waller* to have had a Talent above any Man in Subjects of Panegyrick and of Love; and if Mr. *Addison* has exceeded him in one, I may venture to say this, that *CLIO* is at least Mr. *Waller's* Equal in both Capacities; she has a Fancy as *strong*, Sentiments as *elevated*, and a Judgment as *correct*.

Let partial Fate be cruel to thy Name,
Since it is written in the Book of Fame;
To whatsoever Nation I'm convey'd,
My Poet shall be still immortal made;
I will thy Merit and thy Lays rehearse,
And charm the witty *Spaniard* with thy Verse;

Tho'

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Tho' skill'd in Love, they humbly shall submit
To thy superior Tenderness and Wit.

Spain shall not still her nobler Lovers boast,
Nor always triumph o'er our frozen Coast;
Far from the Sun, the Lord of sprightly Fires,
BRITANNIA lies; but she has soft Desires:

The God of Love flies here with slower Wing,
But yet her Martial Sons can love and sing,
For here Bays, Laurels, and the Myrtles spring.

Thy Numbers are so tender and so bright,
They shall appear, and do thy Nation Right:

HERE again she returns (since she had before confess'd a Liking to him) to shew that *Love* and *Constancy* remain in *her* own Bosom, and wittily takes an Occasion (passingly) to put him in Mind of *his* own *Want* of both, in not yet taking the Advantage of seeing her, which he might have done if he would. Then she warmly expostulates with him, whether he would at least remember those Letters of hers, in which she beautifully says she has sent him the Picture of her Soul painted with her Pen. Next she kindly takes his Part against her own Expostulation, and concludes with promising herself a lasting Place in his Remembrance, and him an everlasting Friendship for his own Reward. These are the Lines;

But while on Fancy's Wing I fly to *Spain*,
A mournful Thought recalls me back again;

Thou

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Thou wilt thy *absent* CLIO's Eyes forget,
But I *mistake*, thou hast *not* seen them yet:
Soon all thy soft Ideas thou wilt lose,
That fire thy Soul, and animate thy Muse:
The Wheel of Fortune may its Humour show,
And, often turning round, may cast thee low:
Wilt thou remember *absent* CLIO then,
And know the Picture of her Soul again,
Which she has sent thee painted with her Pen?
I hear thy *sighing* Heart *affirm* it will,
My *Pain* is *lost*, and all my *Fears* are *still*.
Oh! what shall I return thy soft Regard,
Be everlasting Friendship thy Reward,
Such as thy Soul so ardently demands,
Whose truest Value STREPHON understands.

Eighteenth LETTER, Page 94.

IN Answer to the foregoing Letter STREPHON grounds his, which he calls his Complaint; he acts the Lover now, as he had done the Friend before, and as he then advised her to go, he now implores her to stay; he begins with even calling her cruel to think of going, and where she terms it his Counsel, he accuses her of laying artful Blames upon him: He distinguishes between his Friendship and his Love with a great deal of Humour and Pleasantry, and tells her that she is a little *Sophister* in Poetry,

try, not to make the same Distinction. This Raillery in Argument continues for about twenty Lines, wherein he accuses himself for having acted the Friend at all, calls it being wise out of Season, and dully good, to permit his Judgment to counsel what was repugnant to his Will, and then smartly argues her of being unfairly witty to take that Part against him, where he owns his Head had erred against the Dictates of his Heart. And this Part of the Epistle is written in a Style particularly familiar and suitable to the Subject. When he has endeavour'd, as much as he can, to rally her out of her Design of following his Advice in going to *Spain*, he tries next what Gravity will do, and considers her Departure as a Matter important to his own Repose: He afresh takes Recourse to his Intreaties and Prayers for her Stay, begs as a *condemned* Man would for a *Reprieve*, accuses her for entertaining a single Thought that he could part from her without Pain, expresses the Agonies of his Heart, on the doleful Oecasion, and uses all the tender Words, he can, to *revive* Pity and Compassion within her Bosom.

Nineteenth LETTER, Page 97.

AS the Aim of STREPHON's last Letter was to move Pity, we may judge how far Art and Nature join'd in stirring up that Passion, by

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by finding in this Answer of CLIO, that her Heart was affected with it, she administers Comfort to him in the tend'rest Manner she can. And in the two first Lines (for I never heard that the Lady understood the *Latin* of OVID, neither do I know that that Part of him was ever made *Englisht*;) she has shewn her Genius to be perfectly OVIDIAN, for they are Word for Word the same.

*Discite sanari, per quem didicistis amare ;
Una Manus vobis vulnus opemque feret.*

Let CLIO thy complaining Heart appease,
The Hand that wounded shall restore thy Ease.

SHE says all the kind Things to him that are possible, to convince him that he has still her Esteem; and what is more, she revives him with the Knowledge that she herself is also convinced on her Part, that he has a Love and Fondness for her, and 'tis necessary she should continue it. Nay, furthermore, as if she herself desired it, she very wittingly prophesies that he will continue those his Affections to her. Thus far she speaks in all the Tenderness of a kind Mistress; but still the resenting Woman is to punish the erring Suitor a little longer, for committing such an Affront to Love, as letting his Friendship gain the better of his Passion, and advising her to go.— That unpallatable Advice sticks uppermost still, and she must punish him a little more before the Crime is attoned for. It is but reasonable for her,

her, she thinks, to offer him Friendship instead of Love, in her Turn, since he had set her the Example; for this End she instructs him what kind of a Friendship his must be to please her; that his Wishes must be temperate and cool, and that he must prescribe Rules to his Fondness. She owns the Task to be difficult, but at the same Time requires his Obedience, and proposes herself for his Example, asserting that she is a Philosopher in Love; she then condemns herself of Vanity and Folly, for having felt so much as a single Pleasure in so fine a Gentleman's Courtship, even at those Years which she calls her defenceless Youth, but her Heart is now steel'd by Time, and grown a perfect Stoick; so that unhappy STREPHON, for one single Error, seems to have all his Courtship to begin a-new. But when she has imposed upon him this severe and cruel Task, there still appears so much remaining Kindness, as obligeth her to give him Encouragement enough to keep him from Despair in the Performance. She owns that Love and Friendship are the only Joys of this Life, and Youth the Time in which they best take root and flourish, and says she fancies she could resign them all; and talks very morally of Death, but prettily insinuates she has some doubt whether she perfectly knows her own Mind, in that Case, if she was put to the Trial; and to shew him how vast a Portion of Esteem he enjoys in her Bosom, she says, that if she was dying, and encompassed by her dearest Friends, bathed in Tears, the last and only Glory she should then

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then take, would be, that she was once loved, and had her Name sung by him. Affection and Constancy is here so well pictured, that it gives him more Room to hope, than any Thing she could say before gave him Cause to distrust. The Lines are these;

Lovers, and Friends, those only Joys below,
If I thy CLIO's Inclinations know,
And flying Youth itself, she could forego.
Half of my Sands are ebb'd, what do remain,
Fall when they will, are scarcely worth my Pain:
But when the solitary Last appears,
And CLIO's few dear Friends are bath'd in Tears,
It will her last, and only Glory be,
That once her Name was lov'd, and sung by thee.

I can't part with these Verses before I make one Remark or two more upon the singular Beauty of them; I think it is the famous Monsieur Bruyer, who when he had a Mind to express the Fondness that a celebrated young Beauty had for her own Charms, is applauded for finding out this lively Way of expressing it, viz. *That the last Thing a fine young Woman thinks of when she dies, is the Loss of her Beauty.* If he has rightly judged the Temper of a Woman, we may argue from hence the Excess of Fondness in these Verses, where a young beautiful Woman assures her Lover, that the last Thing she shall think of, or glory in, will not be her own Charms, but his

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his Wit, and the Love and Esteem he bore her. Some Criticks who are of a more morose Temper than I, who are more given to search after Faults than commend Excellencies, (and when they do commend, they do it very sparingly,) may blame me for dwelling so long upon this Passage; but I think I shall sufficiently answer them, by telling them that TIBULLUS and OVID, who were the Masters of this kind of Epistolary and Elegiack Poetry, are of the same Mind with my self; TIBULLUS was the first Author of two Verses, the which CLIO's resemble, in his first Elegy, the latter Part of which is address'd to his DELIA.

*Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*

Which I take the Liberty thus to translate,

Oh! may these Eyes, while thine divinely blaze,
Fix on their Lustre, at my Dying gaze,
And closing snatch the Beauties of thy Face.
These Hands, when all their Force the Nerves resign,
At the last tremble, shall be grasping thine.

OVID, in his ninth Elegy of the third Book on the Death of TIBULLUS, shews that he was perfectly affected with the Beauty of these Lines, above any other in TIBULLUS's Works, by quoting the Sense of them in his Praise, in the following Lines.

DELIA

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DELIA discedens, Felicius, inquit, amata

Sum tibi: Vixisti dum, tuus ignis eram.

Cui NEMESIS, Quid, ait, tibi sint mea damna dolori?
Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.

Thus English'd by Major Pack.

DELIA departing from the mournful Train,

Cry'd, "Hapless Object of my present Pain!

"I charm'd thee once, nor charm'd thee then in
vains; I mov'd and I have lost thee then."

"Vigour and Joy danc'd sparkling in thy Eyes."

Stung with the Thought, proud NEMESIS replies;

"Boast not the Sallies of his roving Youth."

His last faint dying Grasp confirm'd his Truth,

Twentieth LETTER, Page 100.

STREPHON's Answer in the foregoing Letter is fill'd with a Matter of fresh Complaint, arising from a Report which it seems he had heard from the Mouth of another Lady, that CLIO was actually married, or very near it, at the Time she gave him leave to love; the whole is written with a gallant kind of Disorder, and shews the true Perplexity of his Soul when he writ it. It seems to have been pen'd down by Starts, just as Fears, Jealousies, Rage, Hopes, Doubts, Wishes, and Desires, ruled most predominantly

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minantly in his Mind, and dictated by Turns: He hopes and despairs; he believes and is not willing to believe, the Story in one Breath, as I may say, (that is in one Period.) I fancy I see him writing before me when I read the following Lines.

If what I've heard (O CLIO) should be true,
 Me have the Fates strove rightly to undo,
 And Wit was most severely plac'd in You.
 I've heard (I wish I had not Ears to hear,
 Or else more Patience, what I've heard, to bear:)
 I've heard, by Heav'ns! I have from strong Report,
 You wedded, when you gave me leave to court.
 You did not, could not, 'tis adult'rate News,
 Credit I did, and I do still refuse;
 Bright was the Dame that did those Tidings bear,
 And if Maids can be false, that are so fair,
 There mayn't — Yes! — may be Room for my De-
 spair.

THIS last Line has an inimitable Beauty in the sudden Break, and the just reverting of the self same Thought.

AFTER this, as if he takes it for granted, he expostulates with her upon her conceiv'd Falsehood, very warmly calls her the dear Blaster of his Youth; says, that if he should live, he fears he should say somewhat harsh of a Name, tho' still dear to him, (tho' confessing it would be a Madness so to do,) and conjures her therefore to tell

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tell him the fatal Truth, that some other Person is happy in the Enjoyment of her; and signifies, that the News coming from her own Mouth would be the best Expedient to keep him from complaining of the Cruelty he had met with, by striking him dead at once. All these Passions are hit off at such a Heat, that they are better felt than describ'd, as yourself may judge from his own Words.

If it be true, dear Blaster of my Youth,
Tho' you must blush, yet own the stabbing Truth:
For should I live, perhaps, another Day,
I somewhat harsh of thy dear Name might say;
Strike dumb that Madness; and, to lay me dead,
Tell me some happy Swain enjoys thy Bed:
Priding in Truth, I'll my last Hours employ,
Smile in the Pangs of Death, and wish thee Joy.

THE two last Lines are a Copy of the same beautiful Insinuation of his Constancy in Death; as those Lines of hers were, which I remark'd upon at the Conclusion of the *twentieth Letter*; and he copies them with as much Justness and Eloquence from her, as OVID did his, which are, in the same Place, quoted from TIBULLUS.

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Twenty first LETTER, Page 105.

BY CLIO's Prose Letter, which follows, it appears, that she made him do Penance sufficiently for this Transgression, in obliging him to write at least twenty Letters to excuse himself, for giving so easy a Credit to so false a Report. It would be a long Work to point out the several artful Turns in this Letter of hers, wherein she signs his Pardon; for Strokes of Wit and Humour abound in every Line, and I refer you to it, not doubting but you will find the same Pleasure in reading it as I did.

Twenty Second LETTER,
Page 107.

IN STREPHON's Reply to this, I find nothing remarkable; but only, in order to connect the Sense of the Epistles together, I shall observe he took her Displeasure, and some of his own private Misfortunes so much to Heart, that he fell sick upon it; desires some Verses from her as the best Comfort to a distemper'd Mind, and begs, in order to confirm his Recovery, he may have leave to see her.

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Twenty third LETTER,
Page 109.

CLIO in her next is very indulgent; she tells him, that she mourns for him herself, as is natural to Souls that are allied by the same Genius and Inclinations, and asks Pardon very prettily, indeed, for what she calls her Ambition, of bearing such an Alliance of Mind to him; she even invites him to come to her, and make her a Sharer of his Sorrows.

Twenty fourth LETTER,
Page 111.

STREPHON, in his Reply to this Letter, boasts of his being very much recover'd and reviv'd; but that his Genius still retains too great a Damp from his late Afflictions to be able to answer her in Verse; and that before it can be brighten'd up again, he must derive a *Inspiration* from the Sight of her: He sends her however a Poem upon *Buckingham-House*, * which he wrote

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* This Poem on Buckingham-House is now inserted in its Place, of which the now deceas'd Mr. Porter, said in his Remarks on the first Edition, it was great Pity it was lost.

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a Year before; and I think it great Pity that such a Poem as that should have been lost, which she thinks fit so warmly to commend in the Verses which she has written thereon; they begin at Page 115. and are all so admirable in themselves, that were I to give them their due Applause, I should be obliged to quote them here as one entire continued Beauty: I must beg leave therefore to be excused for contenting myself with singling out the ten last Verses only, which conclude the Poem, and which I take to be written exactly in the *Addisonian* Manner.

PHOEBUS the God of Musick and of Thought,
Shall guard the Wonders he himself has wrought.
When his fierce Steeds drive to the last great Day,
And o'er the melting Clouds bound swift away,
When from their gilded Harness they shall fly,
And bear to Earth the Light'ning of the Sky:
Then common Verses, with each Poet's Name,
Expiring shall assist the mighty Flame.
Thine shall unwounded be convey'd above,
And teach the Angels how to sing and love.

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Twenty fifth LETTER,

Page 116.

AT last our Lovers are met, and they both give us indeed an elegant Account of their Interview. Some in this Place would expect STREPHON, at least, to be a little more than ordinary luscious in his Expressions; but we find his wonted Modesty still prevails, but not so far as to deprive him of a Lover's Warmth; he draws Beauties where they should be drawn, from all the natural Circumstances attending the Visit. The very Time of Year, the Climate she lives in, the Illness he is so lately recover'd from, his own private Misfortunes, are all made the Instruments of her Praise; and as his Fancy took its first new Vigour from her Benevolence, he invokes her as a Muse, as she bears the Name of one in the Beginning of his Poem. And truly afterwards he seems to have received the Inspiration he had implor'd; he even rivals the very Excellency of his Mistress, and writes beyond himself; he makes good his Words in a former Letter, where he prophesied this of himself in the following Words, "*viz.* I think what I shall want in Genius, will be so much more than made up by the Subject,

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“ that I shall not (in that one Poem of the *Interview*) be afraid of being compared with TIBULLUS, CATULLUS, PROPERTIUS, AUSONIUS, or “ even the great OVID himself, or of being thought “ a Writer inferior to the best of them.” I will not insert any of it here; but I venture to make this Judgment upon the whole my self, that every single Line contains a new Beauty; and I don’t at all doubt, but I shall have the Satisfaction to hear my Judgment confirmed by that of the more Learned. If the Interview of STREPHON justly deserves this Praise, I need not attempt to make any farther Panegyrick upon CLIO’s, than this; that as he has been superior to himself in his Composition, so she at least is equal to herself in hers; and when she is equal to herself, I know no Female Author deserves a superior Character, not excepting the ORINDA and ASTREA, she speaks of in it, who were an Honour to our *English* Nation, nor Madam DACIER who is an Ornament to the *French*.

I have been long in my Criticism, but hope it will be excused upon this Consideration, that altho’ I give it the Title of a single Letter, yet it contains Remarks upon more than twenty. If in reading those you meet with the same Satisfaction and Pleasure as I did, I shall content my self with having barely recommended them to your Perusal, without desiring any further Applause of my Manner of doing it, than knowing that you excuse this, and approve those. If I have

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have not been so accurate in my Expressions, as a Criticism upon a Piece of Poetry might seem to require, I am sure you have Humanity enough to let me plead my Familiarity with you, as a good Reason why I did not study them better, since a Man ought never to study what he has to say, but always to write as he talks to his Friend. If the Criticism upon the Poesy happens to mark out more Beauties than may seem so to Persons of a thorough poetical Taste, I can please my self with this Consideration, at least, that I have scarce singled out one Passage, wherein the Sentiments contained, carry not with them a delicate Taste of Friendship, Love, or Morals, or wherein the Expressions have not a happy Turn of genteel Raillery, and are always delivered with courtly Manners.

I SHALL conclude therefore with saying of them, the very same Thing that the ingenious Major PACK has said of the *Roman* Elegiack Poets in his Essay.

“ FROM the little Draft of their Characters,
“ one may judge how edifying any of their
“ Compositions must needs be to an elegant
“ Understanding. And indeed what Sincerity
“ in Friendship, what Fondness in Love, what
“ Kindness to Relations, what Instances of all
“ the social Virtues do we not meet with in
“ these Writings? not to mention a thousand
“ Ornaments of Wit, a wonderful Sweetness
“ and easy Cadence in their Numbers, and so
“ true

"true a Picture of Life and Love, that will
"recommend the Manners of this Age to Posterity."
I am, Sir,

Your most Devoted,
And Obligated Humble Servant,

JOHN PORTER.

N. B. Since we had not a Print of Clio
to grace the Frontispiece of this Book, we
have at the End given her Picture drawn by
her own Hand, which is taken from Mr. Ham-
mond's Miscellany.

F I N I S

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